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## LITERATURE.

*The Principles of Morals.* Part II. By Thomas Fowler. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE first or introductory part of this work appeared last year, and was reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 26, 1886. It was announced as the joint composition of Prof. Fowler and of his friend the lamented Prof. J. M. Wilson, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—the name of the latter standing first on the title-page. The present volume, forming the body of the work, although planned in partnership with Prof. Wilson and containing some passages—the extent of which is carefully pointed out—written either by or jointly with him, is as it stands substantially due to the pen of Prof. Fowler, who, therefore, although reluctantly, assumes the sole responsibility for its authorship. There seems no reason to suppose that had Prof. Wilson lived to share his friend's labours to the end the result would have differed in any essential particular from what is now placed before us. But the experiment of collaboration is so new in philosophy that, apart from other considerations, one would have liked to see it, for once, more completely exemplified. Nothing, indeed, seems more natural and fitting than that two friends and fellow-workers should be productively associated in a study whose very method, unconscious or avowed, has ever been to combine and harmonise independent or even conflicting views. It has been too much the fashion to speak of philosophy, whether moral or metaphysical, as an aggregate of isolated theories possessing no vitality beyond the lifetime of their author and of his immediate disciples; or, again, as if the same sharp oppositions of thought had recurred in every age with no more hope of agreement than at the time of their first collision. Such a view receives no countenance from history, and must especially miss what is most characteristic in contemporary speculation.

Prof. Fowler has more than one illustrious collaborator among the dead. His work is the outcome of a long and high tradition. He is one of those who look on morality as something not imposed on man from without, but the resultant, the realisation of his whole nature. In reviewing the introductory volume I ventured to characterise the standpoint of its authors as utilitarianism modified in an Aristotelian sense. After reading the sequel I should be more inclined to call it Aristotelianism developed on the lines of Bishop Butler, supplemented and corrected by the principles of utility and evolution. To put the same fact somewhat differently, the method is subjective and psychological, with frequent outlooks into the larger world of history and

positive law. Prof. Fowler goes in detail through all the feelings, conceived as springs of action, from the lowest to the highest, showing as he proceeds to what virtues they give rise. He refuses to brand as "selfish" those feelings which have for their primary object the good of the individual who experiences them, and prefers the term "self-regarding." Salutory in themselves, the limits within which they should be exercised are to be determined by considerations of utility, the modern substitute for Aristotle's somewhat vague and arbitrary appeal to the judgment of the wise. Care for one's own welfare is generalised by sympathy into care for that of others, and carried on by experience and civilisation in ever widening circles from the family through the tribe, nation, and church to the whole of mankind, or even to the totality of sensitive beings.

Again, the feelings are vertically divided into those having for their object some positive good, individual or social, and the "resentful feelings" whose primary function is to repel or avenge injuries received from others; and, as the first class are extended by sympathy into positive beneficence, so the second are converted by the same transforming agency into the virtue of justice. Readers of the *Ethics* may here be reminded of Aristotle's antithesis between desire and anger; and, more remotely, of the quantitative method applied to retributive justice in his fifth book, by Prof. Fowler's definition of an injury as a hurt inflicted without provocation or in excess of the provocation received. The "mis-social feelings," typified by the love of approbation, contribute still further to the consolidation of conscience. The function of reason in morals is to discover by what means desirable ends may best be attained, the determination of those ends themselves being exclusively a matter of feeling. What the school of T. H. Green would regard as the most characteristic work of reason, namely, the construction of moral ideals, is here assigned to the imagination. Finally, the will is studied chiefly in reference to the opposing theories of Liberty and Necessity, although our author agrees with Prof. Sidgwick that the issue is of no practical importance for ethics.

The vexed question of the ultimate end of actions was raised in the introductory volume of this treatise and answered by its authors, although not without some reservations, in a utilitarian or hedonistic sense. The same position is stated and defended with more detail in the present volume. Prof. Fowler does not much like to use the words "pleasure," "pain," and "happiness" in reference to moral ends, and suggests that

"it would be a real gain to ethical nomenclature if we could, wherever there is any chance of misunderstanding, employ the words "good and evil" rather than "pleasure and pain" to designate the measure of our actions; for in cases of conflict they seem to suggest the sacrifice of the transitory to the permanent rather than of the permanent to the transitory" (p. 266).

And he holds that "happiness and misery" are equally open to misunderstanding from their materialistic associations. Still, at some stage or other of the enquiry the terms of ethical nomenclature must be defined, and

the inevitable demand for cash payment of moral bills must sooner or later be faced. For myself, I think there is much less danger of misunderstanding on this point than Prof. Fowler supposes; that is to say, outside the region of ethical controversy, where it seems unavoidable, no matter how carefully our terms may be chosen. In common conversation, at least, pleasure and happiness are habitually associated with the most arduous studies or with the most complete devotion to the good of others, not less than with the most vulgar gratifications of sense and vanity.

A more real difficulty is raised by the question whether we should admit a qualitative as well as a quantitative distinction between pleasures; whether they differ in kind as higher and lower, or merely in degree as more or less lasting and intense. Prof. Fowler accepts the former view, and uses it to enhance the stringency of self-regarding obligation:

"If we were so constituted that one man's actions had no effect whatever on another, we should each pursue exclusively his own interest, . . . but . . . the intellectual and aesthetic pleasures would still be as distinct as they now are from the pleasures of sense and appetite; they would still be characteristic of man and, in their higher forms, of the higher races of man. Among competing pleasures, therefore, it would still be man's duty to prefer some pleasures to others; it would still be wrong to sacrifice the higher parts of his nature to the lower, or, for the sake of immediate pleasure, to entail upon himself a large amount of future pain and suffering" (p. 236).

Now it seems to me that, on the law of parsimony, if the facts are as fully explained by admitting only a quantitative distinction we should not encumber our position by any further assumption. Until it can be shown that our intellectual and aesthetic enjoyments yield a smaller surplus of pleasure over pain than the gratification of our animal appetites—and in my belief this never can be shown—it seems gratuitous, if not dangerous, to seek for some more recondite ground of preference than that which decides our choice between two pleasures, both belonging to the same class.

I cannot help thinking that, in deciding between the two theories, Prof. Fowler's judgment was swayed, perhaps unconsciously, by a weighty systematic interest. Refusing as he does to admit conscience or the sense of right as an elementary irresolvable fact of human nature, and explaining it through the sympathetic feelings, he was called on to account for the binding force which distinguishes those feelings when they act as motives on the will from the more urgent instincts of self-preservation or self-aggrandisement. So, in the spirit of antique philosophy, he seeks for an ally within the self-regarding sphere itself, and finds it in the superior motive power of feelings which are nevertheless at the moment less intense; and since the sympathetic feelings share with these the mark of being more highly evolved, more human, more civilised, by an easy transition they are credited with the same controlling influence on the conduct of rational beings as such. Thus the humanistic method of Aristotle is carried into the heart of Butler's philosophy, and the mystical conscience which was an inheritance from sacer-

dotal tradition is replaced by the free self-determination of a Greek republic.

To discuss Prof. Fowler's theory of moral obligation, involving as it does the whole psychology of sympathy, would carry me far beyond my present limits. It is, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of what is, in most respects, a highly satisfactory performance. But I am not sure that a much better theory could have been made out consistently with the psychological method adopted in this volume. For certain purposes that is a good and useful method; for the President of Corpus it was probably the best and most useful that could be applied to morals. With the experience, the opportunities, and the responsibilities of an educator it was natural and right that he should look on morals chiefly from the educational point of view—that is to say, that he should look on them as a gradual discipline and ultimate harmonisation of all man's impulses and faculties. As an Oxford teacher, it was equally desirable that he should pay especial regard to the authorities and methods most in favour with his own university. The result is that he has produced what is, perhaps, for students the best existing work on the subject. It will show them how the lessons of their old text-books can without any strain be so extended as to cover the vast and complex interests of modern life. And it will also bring their minds into vivifying contact with a whole world of new phenomena, but of phenomena interpreted throughout by reference to what is highest and purest in themselves.

ALFRED W. BENN.

*Court Life in Egypt.* By Alfred J. Butler. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. BUTLER went to Egypt, in January 1880, in the capacity of private tutor to the sons of the present Khedive. For reasons not stated, he resigned his appointment early in the following year; but not before he had collected materials for that excellent work, *The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt*, which at once, and deservedly, took rank as our standard authority on the subject.

Short as was his term of office, Mr. Butler saw and learned much. He wintered in Cairo, spent the summer months with the court at Alexandria, and had the good fortune to be attached to the Khedivial suite during the vice-regal progresses of 1880, when his Highness visited Upper Egypt and the Delta. While thus exploring the land of the Pharaohs, Mr. Butler—in compliance with the expressed desire of his royal master—kept a journal. Even if he were not careful to state that the present volume omits “most of the descriptions and events therein recorded,” while, on the other hand, it contains “a good deal of personal matter” not included in its pages, we should have divined that *Court Life in Egypt* has little or nothing in common with that official log-book. It needs no special gift of penetration to see that Mr. Butler kept a private commonplace book (protected, we may be sure, with a good patent lock), and that he has given us, even now, but a discreet selection from its very curious contents. Were we inclined, indeed, to quarrel with Mr. Butler for anything at all, it would be for his discretion. Too fre-

quently he hints at mysteries which he does not reveal; and nothing is more tantalising than the “Well, well, we know,” or, “We could, an if we would,” long ago deprecated by a renowned Prince of Denmark. It is hard, for instance, to be told, on the authority of the Khedive himself, that “a certain unmentionable Pasha” caused several of his slave-girls and eunuchs to be bound hand and foot, tied up in sacks, and thrown into the Nile; and yet to be given no clue to the identity of this monstrous criminal. Of the same man we are told, on the same exalted authority, that he caused the murder of some eighteen or twenty members of the family of the former Sultan of Darfūr, and that the deed was done in cold blood, and in the city of Cairo. This massacre must evidently have been committed quite recently, as the only surviving heir to the throne of Darfūr is mentioned as “a boy of twelve” at the time when this particular conversation took place between Mr. Butler and the Khedive. It is not, perhaps, very difficult to hazard a shrewd guess at the name which should fill the “—” of Mr. Butler's anecdote; but it would not be fair to brand even the infamous Zebehr with more crimes than are already laid at his door.

If the atrocities of the “Thousand and One Nights” were possible but yesterday (are perhaps possible to-day!) in modern Egypt, it is no less clear that in unbridled luxury of living some other magnates of the court of Ismail Pasha outdid Aladdin himself. Not even the False Khalif, when he entertained Harūn er-Rashid unawares, displayed more magnificence than a certain finance minister, or Mufettish, of whom Mr. Butler tells us that

“he had four hundred women slaves, all gorgeously attired in silks and decked with marvellous jewels. He had a set of twelve golden ash-trays encrusted with brilliants, each little tray worth £500. His kitchen cost £60,000 a year. When the present Khedive (then prince) went with the princess to pay the Mufettish a visit, they were dumbfounded by the lavish splendour of his palace” (p. 195).

Another notorious personage called Naibes Sultānah, who held some high office in the Treasury, possessed no less than seven hundred slaves, and was known to give £25,000 for a single Circassian beauty. This very man contrived in his day to pose before England and Europe as an ardent abolitionist of the slave-trade. The aforesaid Mufettish was his greatest friend; and there is no more tragical episode in Mr. Butler's book than the story of how, why, and where he caused that unhappy Mufettish to be murdered.

Of Ismail Pasha himself we are told some curious stories. His relations with Russia, according to Mr. Butler's showing, were of an extremely doubtful nature. His papers included many documents which proved that at the very time when he was most warmly cultivating the friendship of England and France, he was secretly intriguing with the Czar.

“His idea was that Russia would overthrow Turkey and declare Egypt independent. In the Russo-Turkish war he at first refused to send any troops from Egypt in aid of the Sultan; later, when he sent a contingent of 15,000 men, under Hassan Pasha, all were

miserably equipped, and the artillery had no horses. In excuse it was alleged that there were no horses then in Egypt to supply the deficiency. But even when properly horsed, the artillery, like the rest of the Egyptian contingent, did absolutely nothing. In fact, Hassan had secret orders to remain as inactive as possible, and, if he saw an opportunity of secretly damaging the Turkish cause, to seize it, and make the most of it” (pp. 208-9).

Elsewhere, Mr. Butler says that from his (Ismail's) accounts,

“which in the hurry of his departure were left behind, it appears that out of £100,000,000 which he borrowed, only about £15,000,000 was spent on public works in Egypt. Concerning the expenditure of the remaining £85,000,000, I shall relate neither what is known to me nor what is unknown” (p. 203).

Here, again, it must be confessed that Mr. Butler's discretion is very trying.

Of Tewfik he has naught but good to tell. Rarely, indeed, has a more amiable, upright, and single-hearted character been drawn by a contemporary biographer:

“The Khedive lives with his wife and family at the palace of Ismailia, near the Nile bridge. He is a strict monogamist, loyal in his married life as any European, and detests slavery as much as polygamy. All his attendants are paid servants. He rises at four or five o'clock every morning, eats no breakfast, but takes two hours' exercise, walking or driving, and between seven and eight o'clock drives in state to 'Abdin Palace, which is the usual place of reception and ceremonial. Here the Khedive spends the day transacting various business, seeing ministers, reading letters and telegrams, and talking with his courtiers. At five o'clock in the evening he drives out again, accompanied by his guards, and dines about sunset at Ismailia” (p. 39).

In his personal habits he is simple almost to asceticism. He never smokes. He wears no jewels. Even his sword is like that of an ordinary pasha. If he plays at a round game, it is for counters only. He earnestly desires to improve the social and mental status of women in Egypt, “and has himself started a sort of high-school for girls in Cairo.” As for slavery, Mr. Butler emphatically says:

“If there is one conviction planted root and fibre in my mind, it is that the Khedive in his heart of hearts detests the system. . . . He has never bought a single slave, though he had to take over some of his father's when he came to the throne. All his so-called slaves receive £2 a month as wages, besides food and clothing” (p. 150).

In 1881, shortly before Mr. Butler's departure for Europe, and mainly through Mr. Butler's earnest representations, His Highness did away with the “doseh,” or trampling of the dervishes—an act of brutal fanaticism which has been frequently described, though never better than by the author of *Court Life in Egypt*. To all that he says of the tortures inflicted by the passage of the Sheykh and his horse over that “road of human flesh,” I can bear positive testimony. The Khedive had, it seems, always abhorred this ceremony, which he stigmatised as “an inhuman rite”; but he had hitherto doubted whether he could venture upon so extreme a measure as its summary abolition. The result proved that his apprehensions were groundless. The scene of the festival was shifted from Boulak to Abbasiah, on the verge of the desert; the



procession took place with the usual pomp; the Sheykh and his horse rode past upon the bare sands, and "there was not the faintest attempt or faintest sign of a wish on the part of any dervish to have his bones broken" (p. 295).

Of the Khedive's affection for his people, and of his untiring efforts for the improvement of their condition, Mr. Butler recites many interesting anecdotes. He attends to the petitions of the meanest among them, enters into their troubles, redresses their grievances, and gives liberally to those who are in distress.

"It is my aim," he said, in the course of a memorable conversation recorded at some length in Mr. Butler's tenth chapter, "to be loved in the hearts of my people, as I have always striven to gain the goodwill of those about me in private life. I have no ill pride, and nothing pleases me more than making other people happy. It was the same before I came to the throne. In those times all my household were well treated; if a man was ill, I went to see him in his room; if he was in trouble, I sympathised with him; and everyone was paid every month, even in those times when all public salaries were long in arrear. Only once was there any difficulty, and then I sent for a French merchant, and sold him all my ostriches" (p. 270).

Want of space compels me to omit many other passages which I had marked for quotation, including some vivid descriptions of scenery, sketches of native amusements and customs, and, above all, certain curious anecdotes of Gen. Gordon, which show the singular absence of tact which characterised that ill-fated hero in his intercourse with the present Khedive. Regarded as the spontaneous and unbiassed testimony of an English gentleman, *Court Life in Egypt* is undoubtedly of some political value. It places the Khedive before us precisely as he is, in his court and in his cabinet, in his strength and in his weakness. The book is not, perhaps, what one would describe as a volume for family reading, and it gives the impression of being somewhat hastily written; but it contains much curious matter, and it is decidedly amusing.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

*The Historical Basis of Modern Europe.* By Archibald Weir. (Sonnenschein.)

THIS, with some marked omissions and defects, is a well-informed and instructive book. Mr. Weir examines the series of events which have made the western world what it actually is, and the various influences which have determined the character of the civilisation we see around us. The political side of the work is its best part; and Mr. Weir has very fairly described the circumstances which have shaped the destinies of the different states and kingdoms of Europe. It is otherwise with the social side. The account of the many and complex causes which have given its form to modern society is not exhaustive, and is far from accurate. We dissent, too, from some of the author's judgments; and, while he sets forth at excessive length the intellectual and material forces which have principally affected the modern world, he scarcely alludes to the strongest of moral forces—religion as it has affected the nations. The

book, nevertheless, is worth reading; and as a "general view" will repay study.

The eighteenth century, Mr. Weir remarks, saw feudalism and all that was associated with it in permanent decay throughout Europe, and monarchy evidently in the ascendant. France had taken the lead in this revolution; Richelieu had made Louis XIV. supreme; and kingship at Versailles had extinguished the power of the old order of the ruling noblesse once omnipotent from the Garonne to the Rhine. The movement continued for many years, and manifested itself under various forms, in different lands, throughout Christendom; and one of the best parts of Mr. Weir's book deals with the events that marked its progress. It was conspicuous in the kingdoms of the North, and especially in the Russian Empire, where Peter the Great established his power and broke down that of a savage nobility; it was illustrated in the ruin of Poland; it was seen in the reforms of the Austrian Joseph, and in the legislation of Frederick the Great; nay, in England itself, where 1688 had made the Whig aristocracy dominant for a time, it was exhibited in the writings of Hume and Bolingbroke, and in the attempt of George III. to become "a real king." By the middle of the century monarchy had become the settled order of things in Europe. And, on the whole, it had been an influence for good, for it had established the supremacy of a general law; it had, in some measure, protected the weak, and it had counteracted, to some extent, the evils of superstition and of local tyranny. But just at the moment when it appeared all powerful, a set of causes were sapping a structure of government seemingly as strong as adamant. Monarchy had left the decaying remains of feudalism in society, while it had destroyed its power; and these galled and harassed national life, and, being associated with kingship, made it unpopular. Again, monarchy, though it had done much, had not, with all its boasted reforms, fully reached the people and the humbler classes. These, rising, year after year, in importance, were still largely ill-ruled and oppressed. The personages, too, who filled thrones in the eighteenth century were, with few exceptions, remarkable chiefly for gross vices or the absence of high qualities. In their case, in fact, unquestioned ascendancy had produced its usual bad results; and the institution was in decline in opinion. Finally, the intellectual movement of which Voltaire was the most prominent champion—a movement of almost unequalled force—though not, except in the writings of Rousseau, avowedly and directly opposed to monarchy, sapped, nevertheless, its props and foundations; and, by exposing to destructive criticism much that seemed inseparably connected with it, insensibly made it despised and disliked.

Republican freedom and all that is allied with it had, Mr. Weir correctly remarks, declined in Europe with the growth of monarchy. Venice, at all times an oligarchic commonwealth, had become a shadow of a mighty name; Genoa had lost her ancient glory and power; the House of Orange had acquired supreme authority in that cradle of liberty, the Seven Dutch Provinces. The revolt of America and the creation of the United States in a far distant continent ushered in the advent of the new era marked

by the subversion of the old order of Europe, with its declining kingship and its worn-out feudalism. France was the scene of the portentous change—France whose monarchy had worn its most repulsive aspect in the reign of Louis XV. and Du Barri, whose sceptical criticism and wild theorising had taken possession of the national mind, where an enlightened middle-class, deprived of just rights, had beneath it millions of artisans and peasants either brutalised by oppression and misery, or in that state of slow social progress in which the sting of wrong is most keenly felt. It must be pronounced an immense misfortune that the crisis came to its tremendous head in a nation, with all its splendid qualities, deficient in practical sense and judgment, carried away by specious and shallow ideas, and especially prone to run into excesses and to commit atrocious crimes in its passionate vehemence. Mr. Weir's account of the French Revolution is too much a narrative of the mere facts, and is wanting in generalisation and philosophic insight. The tempest did great things as a work of destruction. It swept away noxious and cumbrous rubbish that injured and weakened the national life—nay, it prepared the soil for prolific germs that ultimately were to be rich with blessings. But as a work of construction the Revolution failed. The institutions it planted were barren and worthless; and it would probably have led to European anarchy had it not passed into the hands of Napoleon. Mr. Weir's estimate of this extraordinary man is simply that of a brutal despot; but this is a ridiculous judgment on the restorer of order and law in France, on the author of the Concordat and the Code, on the Caesar who, tyrant as he was of the Continent, nevertheless has largely attracted the sympathies of the very races he had at his feet. Napoleon's career of conquest, too, produced results of extreme beneficence. It diffused ideas of equal law and of social equality from the Rhine to the Vistula; and it accelerated, if it did not actually cause, that movement of nationality which, in our day, has made Germany and Italy united peoples, and is the dominant force of modern politics.

Like other commentators on what is before their eyes, Mr. Weir is not happy in his *résumé* of the immediate antecedents of the present era. The settlement of Vienna in 1814 was like a thundercloud running against the wind. It was opposed to modern ideas and principles, and the system it has established has passed away. Mr. Weir rightly points to "nationality" as a cardinal fact in the order of Europe. From the days of the Carbonari to the National League it has agitated and perplexed governments; and, as we have said, it has made the German empire, and established for ever Italian unity. Democracy has not been, by any means, so general or so powerful a force. Unquestionably the great industrial movement—described minutely by Mr. Weir—which, beginning in England, has overspread the Continent, the diffusion of popular knowledge and culture, a free press and a cheap literature, have had a strong democratic tendency. But the "militarism" of the Continent has told the other way; and aristocratic Prussia, imperial Austria, and the half-barbarian despotism of the Czar, are

supreme from the Rhine to the Frozen Ocean.

Mr. Weir has wholly omitted to estimate the influence of religion—in most ages the most potent of moral forces—throughout the period he has passed under review; and his account of it here is extremely imperfect. Christianity has made immense pains through the failure of the Revolution in France. Atheism is no longer professed in high places; the philosophy of Voltaire is a thing of the past; and religious obligations are more deeply felt in every community, through all its classes, than they were a century and a half ago. This, indeed, seems to us the decisive advantage the present has over the past age; and the growth of the religious spirit has been accompanied by a stricter sense of duty throughout society, and by a philanthropic and humane tendency, not devoid of evil, yet, in the main, beneficent. It is idle to deny that the modern world is exposed to danger from such forces as Socialism, Nihilism, and kindred faiths. Yet these are rather theories than dominant facts; and Europe—though we do not forget the Commune of Paris in 1871—seems scarcely threatened by such hideous portents as the triumphant Jacobinism of 1793, the growth of a polite, but a godless and an indifferent, age.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

*Through the Long Day.* In 2 vols. By Charles Mackay. (W. H. Allen.)

DR. MACKAY in a sub-title describes his book of reminiscences as "Memorials of a Literary Life during Half a Century"; but his life has really been that of a journalist rather than that of a man of letters in any strict sense of that term. He has been, and is, emphatically a newspaper man; newspaper work has absorbed his best energies; and neither the books of prose which he has written to please publishers, nor the books of verse which he has published to please himself, have taken a permanent place in English literature. His *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, for which he tells us Mr. Richard Bentley paid him £300, is a readable book, and is probably still read; but we should imagine that everything else is already more than half forgotten; and, though Dr. Mackay speaks slightly of his popular songs, it is not unlikely that he will be longest remembered as the writer of "There's a good time coming" and "Cheer, boys, cheer."

Still, though Dr. Mackay may not be the rose, he has lived near it, having been brought into fairly intimate relations with persons whose claims to be considered men of letters are beyond dispute. He enjoyed what would be generally considered the great privilege of being a frequent guest at the much talked of "intellectual breakfasts" of Samuel Rogers, and his notes of the conversations at ten of these matutinal gatherings of the notables occupy a third part of the first of his two volumes. Young people of a reverential habit of mind, who are wont to regard great writers as persons living in an exalted sphere of intellectual interests in which they of the lower world have neither part nor lot, will be somewhat disappointed, but perhaps also somewhat reassured, by the discovery that the great ones are much less aggressively extraordinary

than they have always supposed. Indeed, others than youthful hero-worshippers will incline to think that—assuming Dr. Mackay's reports to be fairly adequate, and they have every appearance of being so—these breakfasts have won a fame very disproportionate to their deserts. A story is told of how Thomas Campbell, who had been pointed out to an old Scotch lady as "the great" Thomas Campbell, was mistaken by her for a locally eminent cow-doctor of the same name, and was implored to exercise his skill upon an afflicted "beastie" of her own. We do not say that Rogers's guests as a body could have been mistaken for cow-doctors, but they certainly did not wear their intellectual eminence upon their sleeves. No sensible person will think the less of them for this, though many sensible persons may doubt the advisability of reporting the free-and-easy talk of distinguished people who had no idea that they were addressing posterity through the literary mediumship of Dr. Charles Mackay. In the chapters devoted to these breakfasts the passage which we have found most interesting is a quotation from a book entitled *The Shipwreck of the Juno*, whence Byron drew the episode of the two fathers and their two sons in the shipwreck scene in *Don Juan*. The book, which was written by Dr. Mackay's great-uncle, William Mackay, who was second mate of the wrecked vessel, is known to have been read by Lord Byron as a boy; and Moore declared that Mackay's prose narrative was "in its plain grandeur, if not sublimity, far superior to Byron's poetry." The passage, in our opinion, quite justifies Moore's preference, though we should hardly choose his words as the best by which to describe it. It owes its impressiveness not to grandeur and sublimity, as they are generally understood, but to pure pathos, which is all the more effective because of the utter absence from the recital of any touch of literary artifice. Byron was too inveterate a rhetorician to compete successfully with the simple seaman.

When Dr. Mackay first went out to the United States on a lecturing tour he naturally fell in with some of the literary celebrities of the Western world, but their conversation, as reported here, is not more noteworthy than that of their English brethren; nor has Dr. Mackay anything that is specially interesting to tell us of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, or the celebrities of the Boston Club. The record of his second visit, when he went out as special correspondent to the *Times* during the Civil War, is, of course, mainly devoted to matters political, and the tone is not quite so genial as elsewhere. As Dr. Mackay made no secret of his Southern sympathies, and as the *Times*, which was largely guided by him, was practically the English organ of the secession party and the most powerful and bitter foe of the cause of union, it is not surprising that some of his old friends looked askance at him, or that he resented the coolness and even the overt animosity which he had certainly provoked.

Dr. Mackay began to write early; and "verse—or worse," to quote Douglas Jerrold's very mild witticism, was his first love. At the age of thirteen he had a poem printed in a penny periodical called the *Casket*, and was visited by the usual dream of poetic fame in life and a grave in Westminster Abbey; but

practical considerations drive many a young versifier from Parnassus to Fleet Street, and young Mackay drifted into journalism. His first engagement was on the *Sun*, a Liberal evening paper; his second, on the then famous *Morning Chronicle*, of which he became one of the sub-editors. His connexion with the *Chronicle* brought him into contact with some interesting people, and placed him behind the scenes at interesting, though in some instances, nearly forgotten events. Interesting is perhaps hardly the word to apply to the Eglinton Tournament—that *reductio ad absurdum* of mock mediaevalism; but Dr. Mackay's account of the incidents of the wretched fiasco, the summons of the newspaper correspondents to dinner in the servants' hall, and the appearance of Lord Londonderry clad in complete steel, with casque, plume, and—umbrella, is very entertaining.

Indeed, the book, as a whole, is the reverse of dull reading, though its contents have certainly a look of having been shaken together which is not pleasing to the artistic eye. Here and there are little repetitions, evidently due to imperfect revision of chapters which have clearly been written at widely separated times, and perhaps originally published in different places. For example, after we have been told all about Mr. Charles Rice, the musical composer, we are introduced to him again as if he were a perfect stranger; while a story about Mr. George Dawson and Archbishop Whateley is not only told twice (vol. i., pp. 196 and 294), but is told in such diverse manners as to render it certain that one telling, at any rate, must be grossly inaccurate. George Dawson, who is erroneously described as a Unitarian minister, went to Manchester to make a speech at the opening of the Athenaeum; and several bishops, who had also been invited, refused to meet a man who was supposed to be in some way heretical. Archbishop Whateley, however, was not frightened, and in telling the story for the first time, Dr. Mackay writes:

"After Mr. Dawson had delivered a set oration, rich in words but poor in ideas, the Archbishop turned to me and remarked that his reverend brethren on the episcopal bench, had they been present, would have received no shock to their feelings by [*sic*] Mr. Dawson's discourse, except, perhaps, the shock of knowing that so shallow and harmless a person had so large a following in so intellectual a hive of industry as Birmingham."

What is our surprise when we come to the second telling of the story to read the following sentences:

"Mr. Dawson was at the time a very young man, spoke with great eloquence and power, and impressed the audience favourably, the archbishop included. 'I think,' said Dr. Whateley, turning to me at the conclusion of the speech, 'that my reverend brethren would have taken no harm from being present to-night, and that more than one of them whom I could name would be all the better if they could preach with as much power and spirit as this boy has displayed in his speech.'"

There is clearly something wrong here. Perhaps for the sake of his own reputation for accuracy, as well as for the satisfaction of George Dawson's many friends, Dr. Mackay will kindly explain.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.



## NEW NOVELS.

*Diane de Breteuille.* By Hubert E. H. Jerningham. (Blackwood.)

*Disappeared.* By Sarah Tytler. (Chatto & Windus.)

*Madame's Grand-daughter.* By Frances Mary Peard. (Hatchards.)

*A Mere Accident.* By George Moore. (Vizetelly.)

*Brotherhood.* By David McLaren Morrison. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

*The Wild Curate.* By J. McGrigor Allan. In 3 vols. (White.)

*A Wilful Young Woman.* By Alice Price. (Frederick Warne.)

*Sir Hector's Watch.* By Charles Granville. (John Murray.)

"V. R." By Edward Rose. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

*Diane de Breteuille* is a really exquisite little story—exquisite in its plot, in its style, in its combination of English frankness that never descends into brutality and French charm that never degenerates into *chic*. The central incident of the book—a well-educated and obedient French girl making overtures to an English gentleman to aid her in escaping from a marriage with the man of her parents' choice—is so delightfully improbable that Mr. Jerningham may be believed when he says that it is based upon fact. That incident, however, makes *Diane de Breteuille* what its author terms it—a love story, pure and simple. Diane having thrown out a signal of distress to Henry Vere, it is the most natural thing in the world that, from being her knight and protector, he should become her lover. The two drift into love as inevitably as do Juan and Haydee; and, happily, there is so little of Lambro about the Marquis de Breteuille that, when his daughter declines at the eleventh hour, and in the Mairie itself, to accept the husband he had chosen, and in the most literal and public fashion rushes into the arms of another, he accepts that other with good feeling as well as French grace. Then the surroundings of the lovers are thoroughly in keeping with themselves: they are utterly free from vulgarity. The bewildered, but loyal, governess; the Comtesse de Chantalais, all lace and grace; her good husband, Raymond; even the disappointed suitor, M. de Maupert, are the impersonations of French honour and dignity in their respective spheres. They plot and counterplot, struggle with difficulties, and bear disappointments in a style which is irreproachable, but which is happily not marred by affectation. It is hardly possible to forgive Mr. Jerningham for the half-tragedy with which his little story closes—the snatching of Diane from her husband and children after six years of domestic happiness. It is a fact, Mr. Jerningham says; but, not being a realist, he ought to have kept the fact to himself. It is inartistic, to say the least of it, to place the cypress in such juxtaposition to orange-blossoms. In spite of this jarring conclusion, *Diane de Breteuille* is so nearly perfect that it is to be hoped its author will not be tempted by his success to write a three-volume novel.

Miss Tytler's new story is more ambitious and less satisfactory than anything she has

published for three years past. In *Disappeared* she is, or professes to be, on English ground; and she tries to reproduce the coterie-talk of a university, and not the confidences of lovers or the tattle of village gossips. She does not quite fail—Miss Tytler is too laborious, has too much skill, even as an imitator, to quite fail in anything she undertakes. But *Disappeared* is not nearly so pleasant, or successful as, say, *In Logie Town*. St. Bernard's College looks like St. Andrews trying to pose as Oxford. Tom Gage, the frivolous, brilliant, erratic, and conceited student of the "there's nothing new, and nothing true, and it's no matter" school has a "got-up" appearance. As for Hugo Kennett, the earnest professor, and his sister, they are really Miss Tytler's ordinary, stalwart, enthusiastic Scotchman and his "sonsie" Martha off a sister a trifle Germanised. The "disappearance" of Tom Gage, who is "accidentally" pushed into the university river by Hugo Kennett while engaged in a controversy with him, is too trifling and improbable an incident to be the centre of any plot. Miss Tytler is, so far as this story is concerned, seen at her best in her sketch of Petronella Gage, Tom's sister, who is one of those simple, good-hearted girls that it is her mission to do justice to. Mr. Macnab, who illustrates *Disappeared*, has surely done his worst by it. Even if Hugo Kennett, a rough creature, who evidently does not know what to do with his hair, is not a caricature, Petronella Gage need not have been represented very much as a pauper lunatic.

Admirers of Miss Peard's work, more particularly of her Dutch work, will feel somewhat disappointed with *Madame's Grand-daughter*. That may be because the scenery in the vicinity of Cannes is, in spite of sunshine and the eucalyptus, not so plot-moving as that of which the Hague is the centre. Or it may be that Miss Peard is more at home in telling a simple, and on the whole, prosperous love story, than in reproducing an old woman's essentially Italian revenge. Whatever be the cause, one feels exhausted when one has got to the end of the maze of rather petty intrigue and misunderstanding in which Madame de Mériillon and her grand-daughter Marcelle, and Sybille Valette and Lambert Solignac, get lost. Solignac, too, although it may be allowed that he makes in the end a good choice of a wife, strikes one as rather too half-hearted and undecided a man to make a hero of. Some of the minor characters in *Madame's Grand-daughter* are good, such as fat Barnabé, the notary; while Mademoiselle Jeanne, Lambert's aunt and Marcelle's nurse, is shrewd enough and kindly enough to have been drawn by Mrs. Oliphant—as an elderly Scotch maiden lady of good family.

*A Mere Accident* is the best written, and, on the whole, the least realistic of Mr. George Moore's novels. There is, of course, a good deal of morbid sensuality in it. The hero, John Norton, who is composed, in about equal parts of fool, priest, and prig, talks sad nonsense, such as that "Sussex is utterly opposed to the monastic spirit; why even the downs are easy, yes, easy as of [*sic*] one of the upholsterer's armchairs of the villa residences," and that "Mr. R. L. Stevenson is "a

charming writer" with "a neat, pretty style, with a pleasant souvenir of Edgar Poe running through it." He dreams asceticism, and bores his visitors with monasticism, but he can give them brandy and soda, and, if need be, absinthe; while on the walls of his rooms are French pictures, and on his shelves are French novels. Of course, also, *A Mere Accident* ends tragically; the heroine, poor innocent Kitty Hare, having been outraged by a tramp, goes mad and throws herself out of window. But there is in it none of the man-millinery, and comparatively little either of the gorgeousness or the suggestiveness which spoiled *A Drama in Muslim*. *A Mere Accident* also shows that, if Mr. Moore were so minded, he could draw healthy, virtuous people and their simple surroundings with more than ordinary ability. Probably he will take to this line of fiction when he has finished his studies of the skin-diseases of humanity.

*Brotherhood* is a curious *mélange* of public school and university life and London gaiety (?), friendship and flirtation, self-sacrifice and adultery, cricket and boating, Italian scenery, Scotch whiskey and a Scotch mother's goodness. The reader may learn if he chooses—but he may as well not choose—what is the exact amount of drapery that an Italian child, in training to be a prostitute or an actress, is expected to wear when she is dancing the can-can; that at Aldershot officers are in the habit of addressing barmaids in the language that, according to Shadwell's *Fair Quaker of Deal*, such girls were a century ago insulted with by midshipmen and boatswains; and that "Lady Pagoda remained pure, not from love of virtue, but because she possessed no strong animal passions which rendered vice pleasing," &c. Yet *Brotherhood* is not a realistic novel, but rather what its author styles "a strange hotch-potch of humanity." The writer is, we should say, an earnest, but somewhat juvenile, moralist, who has read and travelled a little, but has taken to writing novels before years have brought him a firm philosophy.

Mr. McGrigor Allan's *A Wild Curate* is almost as much of a hotch-potch as Mr. McLaren Morrison's *Brotherhood*. It is a trifle worse; for it is distended to three volumes, and it contains pigeon-shooting, an attempted murder, raving politics, Rational Dress, Seneca, Keats, Dissent, and "Lady Honoria's rich *soprano* rising in unison with Captain Rasper's powerful baritone, in an exquisitely beautiful Italian duet, *Una Notte a Venezia*." Mr. Weatherall, the curate, is not so very wild after all, unless it be wild to twaddle on nearly everything under the sun. He is always ready to obey his mother like the hero of *Tancred*, develops into a rector, defeats the designs of his enemy, Blackadder, and marries Lady Honoria when she is minus an eye. *A Wild Curate* is very absurd and very tiresome; and its plot is nearly as harum-scarum as its style. Yet it contains passages that are decidedly readable.

*A Wilful Young Woman* is a very pretty and carefully executed story of an old-fashioned pattern. The young lady who never rests till she has atoned for the ruin brought on innocent folks by the weakness, rather than the deliberate villainy

of her father is an old friend; so is the young lady who makes a proposal of marriage to a blind genius, who worships her, but is ashamed and afraid to avow his devotion. Sydney Alwyn is the two in one, and the only wonder is that such a charming and resolute girl could have had such an unlovely and selfish mother as Mrs. Selwyn. Gilbert Hurst, the blind genius, is a strong, and, on the whole, original character; yet, for a man who has read and reflected, he is unduly sensitive to the wounds inflicted on his pride by a garrulous sister. Richard Drayton—the good genius of the story, supplying the wants of the virtuous and needy, baffling the villains, and marrying Sydney's bosom friend—is an excellent example of the English rough diamond. There are some portions of *A Wilful Young Woman* that can hardly stand analysis. But, then, it is a story which, to be enjoyed, ought not to be analysed at all.

No more careful amateur-detective fiction than *Sir Hector's Watch* has ever been published, at least in English. It is not so powerful as the average Gaboriau or Boigobey story; but it is much brighter and pleasanter. It does not exhibit so many wheels within wheels of crime as any of the innumerable and curious volumes by the American author of *Shadowed by Three*; but it is incomparably more refined and artistic. Mr. Granville does not explain completely how, in his pursuit of Sir Hector Mackenzie's watch and Miss Mackenzie's hand, he and his wonderful servant Simmonds—such a servant as the elder Dumas or M. Jules Verne should have anticipated Mr. Granville in creating—are on such intimate terms with the fraternity of thieves. But the tracing of the watch, or rather of one of the two watches, in the story, besides other valuables, to Sir Hector's secretary, Le Breton, is managed very cleverly, and with an ingenuity that is none the less likeable that it reminds one of Mr. Stevenson rather than of Leconte. Plot and not character is, of course, the strong point of *Sir Hector's Watch*. Yet Lord Fitzroy deserves a word of notice as an admirable sketch of a stately beau and bachelor whose heart is quite as good as his head.

"*V. R.*" is the preposterous and, in parts, rather silly story of an impossible young lady who, on account of her initials is, in 1837, mistaken by some incredibly gullible Norfolk rustics for the Queen. It is a Jubilee comedy of errors, which the Jubilee mania may excuse, but nothing else can. Mr. E. Rose, its author, would appear to have studied Douglas Jerrold, for some of his characters are, like Jerrold's, not so much possible individuals, as oddities more or less typical of a particular time. But Mr. Rose has not the playwright instinct of Jerrold. "*V. R.*," alike in its many faults and its few excellences, suggests the idea that in writing it Mr. Rose had the theatre-going rather than the reading public in his eye. Revised, reduced, and very greatly corrected, it might even yet be made to suit the less critical of the two audiences.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

*The Odes of Horace.* Translated by T. Ruthenford Clark. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) Mr. Clark disclaims any idea that, after so many versions, he can hope to "reveal to the unlearned the treasures of the ancients"; accordingly he addresses himself wholly to the small class that love Horatian versions *per se*, as exercises of ingenuity. (Pref., p. i.) He may fairly claim a higher position than this. His book is full of clever versification and very graceful turns of thought; nor can we recall any version better calculated to please those to whom the original is unknown. Horatian, in the strict sense of the term, the version is not. Too much of the form is sacrificed, and, with the form, too much of the poet's weightier mood. For instance, the grand mysterious ode (Bk. i., Ode 28) to Archytas, melts, in Mr. Clark's hands, into a pretty wistfulness, reminding one of Mr. Lang's occasional verses:

"Into the halls on high  
What profit to presume?  
Or round the vaulted sky  
On spirit wings to fly,  
Returning to the tomb?"

No novice he, you say,  
In nature's verities;  
But all the sons of clay  
One night awaits, one way,  
And no man treads it twice."

This is elegant and graceful; but it lacks the solemnity of the original. Another defect is the use of conventional phrases where the Latin is purely metaphorical. "The roar of battle" is a good phrase enough; but, as a rendering for "proelia virginum sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrim" ("the roar of battle waged by girl on boy"), is wholly out of balance, and almost absurd. It comes of thinking more of English phrases than of the meaning of the original. Neither, in the same ode, do we like "Merion" for Merionen; nor on p. 25, Ode 12, such a wholly alliterative line as:

"Fabricius, Furius frame";

nor (Ode xvii.), for the sufficiently ugly "olentis uxores mariti," the still uglier "The odorous sultan's harem." Mr. Clark follows Mr. Calverley and the advice of Prof. Conington in rendering the weightier *Alcaic* Odes into the metre of "In Memoriam"; and these are all powerfully and effectively done—e.g., Ode iii. 3:

"Being more resolute to ban  
The gold best buried 'neath the soil  
Ungranted, than to gather spoil,  
Plundering high Heaven to pleasure man.

"So shall her conquering sword attain  
Earth's utmost bound, and overrun  
Dominions of a wilder sun,  
And cloud-wrapt kingdoms wet with rain."

The language is poetical throughout, reaching sometimes great felicity, as in Ode ii. 5:

"Dearer than thy young Phloë,  
And Chloris with her shoulder white,  
As pure and perfect as the light  
Of moonbeams on a midnight sea,

"And Gyges, though, among the girls,  
The keenest eye might fail to trace  
The fair enigma of his face,  
The riddle of his floating curls."

This is certainly delicately and beautifully expressed. Horace might well cry "Euge!" to it. Nor is such grace uncommon in Mr. Clark's little labour of love.

*The Alcestis of Euripides.* Translated by Margaret Dunlop Gibson. (Williams & Norgate.) The pathetic circumstances under which this translation has been completed will cause the preface to be read with sympathy and the translation itself with interest. We feel, with

Mrs. Gibson, that the "*Alcestis*" must always interest a Christian student, in one point at least, beyond other Greek dramas. We hardly share her impression (p. v.) that "it is curious to find the relation of stepmother deprecated in those early days." It is a prejudice rooted in human character, not in Christian civilisation. The "*iniusta noverca*" was as prominent in Rome as in modern literature. The blank verse, though somewhat stiff and monotonous, has at times a sedate beauty of its own, as, e.g., on pp. 14-15:

"And for these children, may I have in them  
The blessing from the gods I lose in thee.  
I will not mourn for thee a year or two,  
But to the utmost verge of this my life,  
In enmity with her that bare me, hating;  
My father, givers of lip-kindness only.  
But thou has given for me thy dearest self,  
And saved my life."

And the choruses, though studded too freely with short and weak lines, are in places gracefully turned—e.g. (p. 24-5):

"Dappled lynxes  
Filled with joy, were with them fed;  
Herds of lions tawny-red,  
From the Othrys-valley sped.  
Spotted fawns were  
Dancing, Phoebus, round thy lute,  
From the tufted pines they throng,  
Springing with elastic foot,  
Joying in the merry song."

Eumelus's childish complaint (p. 17) is somewhat too childish. We do not like "mamma" for *μαία* in serious poetry; nor "all the tinged flood-tide of her eyes" for *ὀφθαλμοτέκτα πλῆμμυρίδι* (p. 8). There is nothing about "tinged" in the Greek. It is hard to make l. 1145, p. 47 scan, either by ear or finger, as blank verse.

*Medea.* Translated by W. J. Blew. (Rivingtons.) There is a pleasant interest in the circumstances of this little book. It is the work of a grandfather, dedicated to his grandson. The dedicatory letter reminds its recipient that to read "*Medea*" in the old days, with no Mr. Sidgwick or Mr. Glazebrook at your elbow, was not a light task. It was lightened, however—so the translator assures us—by the ring and fire of Campbell's adaptation of the choric Odes, which, accordingly, are here reprinted. Finally—to encourage an English boy's natural love of boating—Mr. Blew translates the "Pinnacle" of Catullus. Here is a specimen:

"Amastris, thou of Pontus, and Cyturus, tree on tree  
Box-kirtled (saith the pinnacle), well hath this been known to thee,  
And is—that on this top she stood, from her first baby-shoot  
Till she dipped her maiden oar-blades in the sea-floor at thy foot."

"Homeward Bound" is an allegory of Christendom; "The Ballad of Bacchus and the Rovers," a spirited version of the Homeric hymn. The translation of the "*Medea*" seems to us a little stiff and monotonous, though the language is often well chosen. We dislike the recurrent "Tyrsen" for Tyrrhenian; for *ἀνδρῶν τυράννων κήδος ἡράσθη λαβεῖν* we think a less affected rendering could be found than

"Kinship with kings was his innamorata."

But the sad scene (pp. 39-42) of the deaths of Glauce and Creon is given with great power and picturesqueness. This for instance, is good verse—

"She took the tissued robe  
And folded it about her, and put on  
The golden tiar round her curls, and trimming  
Her hair at a bright mirror, laughs to see  
Therein the soulless image of herself;  
Then, from her seat upstanding, through the house  
Paces, with dainty-stepping all-white foot,  
At the gifts over-gladdened."



Few of us will write so well as that, as grandfathers, we opine.

*Le Rane di Aristofane.* Tradotte in Versi Italiani. Carlo Castellani. (Bologna: Zanichelli.) Prof. Castellani has the one pre-eminent qualification for a commentator and translator—an ardent enthusiasm for his author. His soul has been vexed—naturally, yet needlessly—at the long list of literary men who have disparaged Aristophanes. The great comedian has, undoubtedly, been raked by a cannonade from right and left. Those who could have understood his humour have, too often, been scandalised by his licence; those who could comprehend that satiric revelry need not imply moral corruption have, too often, missed, in a cloud of pedantry, the radiance of his wit. But we would respectfully bid Signor Castellani not repine at the adverse judgment of Plutarch; nor say regretfully that “la posterità generalmente confermò quella sentenza” (Introd. p. 2). As to Voltaire’s incredible *dictum* (p. 3 note)—“Il me paraît plus bas et plus méprisable que Plutarque ne le dépeint”—let it be ranked with the same critic’s estimate of Dante. Let them not be forgotten, but remembered as conclusive proofs of the point where Voltaire’s insight failed him. They criticise the critic. It is said to be a weakness of Italians to overrate the literature and criticism of France. In this case, at all events, the world confirms Prof. Castellani’s judgment and discards Voltaire’s. Whether the “Frogs” is rightly accounted Aristophanes’s best comedy (see note, p. vi.) may be matter of argument: that Aristophanes is among the three kings of comedy is accepted, Voltaire notwithstanding. The introduction (pp. 1-62), though lucidly and even brilliantly written, seems to us rather too massive for the prelude to a poetical translation. It is the result of Signor Castellani’s ambition. To acquaint Italy with Aristophanes, he thinks it needful

“Esplicarlo a tal segno che non rimanga nulla, non pure ignoto, ma dubbio o inavvertito; bisogna fare in modo che il lettore rispetto all’oggetto della sua lettura si trovi, quasi per dire, nelle condizioni psicologiche in cui si trovava l’ateniese che assisteva alla rappresentazione della commedia.”

It is a generous enthusiasm, but the object is unattainable. We cannot so reach Dante, nor even Shakspeare, much less Aristophanes. None the less, the introduction is good and useful reading. We note a very misleading sentence (p. 8), where we are told that the Sicilian expedition “terminò con la totale distruzione delle forze ateniesi e con la morte dei capitani Nicia, Lamaco, e Demostene.” Who would not suppose from this that Lamachus took part in the catastrophe? But he was slain by the Anapus before the arrival of either Gylippus on the one side, or Demosthenes on the other. On pp. 38-9, the translator seems to have been misled by Aristophanes’s merriment into really supposing that Euripides justified the perjury of the tongue if the heart was unsworn—into thinking that his speculation, “whether life be not death and death life,” was a pure paradox. But this is to mistake Tenniel’s cartoons for literal history. It would certainly be possible, and even easy, to give the argument of the “Frogs,” in the most helpful form, in somewhat less than sixteen pages (46-62). But the notes are useful and readably short. On l. 105, we think the more unlettered reader, perhaps, should be told why the “beati,” i.e., μάκαρες, are identified with the “conviti del re Archelao.” The jest is not brilliant, but without it the passage is pointless. Sometimes that is added in the notes which the mind should add for itself, e.g., on l. 216, p. 95, when the dead man refuses to carry Dionysus’s luggage cheap, with the oath ἀναβίην νῦν πάλιν, we are warned that “con queste brevi e terribili parole è svelato

il mistero della vita.” Nothing goes so near blunting the fine edge of Aristophanes’s thought as this sort of explanation. The hint in Heracles’s farewell, χαίρε πάλαι ὁδολόγῃ, is surely ignored in “Ti saluto, o fratello” (p. 92.) But often a really useful parallel is quoted: e.g., the local bearing of the phrase (l. 603) “le titrasie Gorgoni,” is neatly expounded “Cosi oggi di un fiorentino potrebbe dire *streghe di Camaldoli*.” Italian, no doubt, with its wealth of diminutives and humorous forms, lends itself particularly well to the translation of Aristophanes. Prof. Castellani is at his best, we think, in the mock-heroic passages, e.g., the address of Aeacus to Dionysus (p. 131):

“O audace abominevole sfrontato,  
Ribaldo arciribaldo ribaldissimo,  
Tu che prendesti il nostro cane Cerbero,  
Ch’era a mia guardia, e strettolo alle fauci,  
Fuggisti via menandoti teco. Ma ora  
Sei preso in mezzo: chè prigion ti tiene  
E di Stige la rupe dal cuor nero;  
E d’Acheronte il sasso che giù stilla  
Sangue; e l’erranti cagne di Cocito;  
Non che l’Echidna dalle cento teste,  
Che ti lacererà tutte le viscere.”

But the purely satirical parts—e.g., the murdering of Euripides’s cadence by the ληκύθιον—is capably done.

“Eur. Egitto, come il grido ovunque suona,  
Per nave ad Argo co’ cinquanta figli  
Essendo giunto—  
Aesch. ruppe l’ampollina.  
Eur. Cos’è quest’ampollina? non andrà  
Alla malora?”

And so on. The joke somehow seems to fit the Italian language more than another. Indeed, we confess to having found in this translation not a little reason for assenting to the comparison instituted by Mr. Browning as to the relative sonorosity of Greek and Italian. The defects of the translation and commentary—a tendency to amplify in the one, and to explain the obvious and suggest the inevitable in the other—may probably be ascribed to Prof. Castellani’s evident feeling that Aristophanes is not duly studied by his countrymen. We confess to a feeling of surprise that such should be the case. Where should his sunny genius be appreciated so well as in the sun-bright land that knows the mood of Carnival?

*König Ödipus.* Übersetzt von Emil Müller. (Halle: Max Niemeyer.) We are not acquainted with any English translation of a Greek drama, except Prof. Kennedy’s “Agamemnon,” that attempts the reproduction of the Greek iambic measure in facsimile, as Herr Müller does in this prettily printed German version. Prof. Kennedy’s alexandrines certainly do not attune themselves to the ordinary English ear. So far as we can judge, the monotonous pulse of the metre is less perceptible, yet still perceptible, in the German. In each alike, the form of the original is preserved; but its music seems to have floated away. Let anyone who can read Greek and German, or get them read to him, contrast the original and the translation of Tiresias’s famous warning to Oedipus of the unknown horror, soon to be revealed to him in his guiltless pollution (ll. 420-4).

βοῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ποῖος οὐκ ἔσται λήμῃ,  
ποῖος Κιθαῖρὸν οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,  
ὅταν κατασθῇ τὸν ὀμνέαντων, ὃν δόμοις  
ἄρμονον εἰσέπλευσας, εὐπλοῖας τυχάν;

“Dann vom Kitharon schallt zurück dein Weheschrei:  
Von Berg zu Bergen halt er und von Strand zu Strand,  
Wenn du begreifst, in welches Heim der Brautgesang,  
In welcher Port dich jenes Windes Gunst geführt!”

The translation is grave, admonitory, impressive; but it is not rhythmical and musical, it is not solemn with prescience and awe, as the

original is. Yet who will say that the language of “Faust” is incapable of these qualities, any more than is the language of “Hamlet”? It was, we think, a pity to annul the interrogative form of the original, a pity not to get nearer to the phrase εὐπλοῖας τυχάν, a pity to amplify the ποῖος Κιθαῖρὸν into many mountains. Prof. Jebb will not allow that λήμῃ has here its maritime sense. It is ill arguing with the master of many legions, or we would fain urge the context against his conclusion. On the whole, we prefer the choric renderings to those of the dialogue. There is a grave and sonorous sadness, not unworthy of the original, in the first chorus, describing the pestilence of Thebes. It is not literal, but it is fine.

“Auf dem fetten Gefilde nun  
Hin welken die Halme, vergeblichen Wehen  
In Folterqual erliegen die sehnenden Mütter.  
Und Seel’ auf Seel’ eilenden Schwungs, un-  
aufhaltsam entleucht mir.  
Schneller als freudendes Feuer hin stürmen sie  
Zu Hades’ Nachtgestade!”

But, to Sophocles, the souls passed away into the darkness like birds on nimble wing, more swiftly than unconquerable—not merely devouring—fire.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

THERE is every reason now to believe that the Life of Mr. Darwin, by his sons, will be published in October. Mr. John Murray will also have ready about the same time M. du Chaillu’s work on the Vikings.

MESSRS. G. BELL & SONS have in the press a new volume by Michael Field, containing two plays, entitled “Canute the Great” and “The Cup of Water.” The latter is founded on a recently published prose fragment of Rossetti.

A DRAMATIC poem, entitled *The Sentence*, by Mrs. Augusta Webster, dealing with the life and times of Caligula, is now in the press. The publisher is Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

PROF. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS is passing through the press two more volumes (v. and vi.) of his *History of Agriculture and Prices in England*, covering the period from 1583 to 1702. He intends ultimately to continue the work down to the end of the eighteenth century.

THERE is some talk, in Scotch geographical circles, of an expedition to Lake Chad, at the cost of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and to be commanded by Mr. Joseph Thomson.

THE printers (in Benares?) are occupied with Sir Richard Burton’s third volume of *Supplemental Nights*, which will before many weeks be issued to subscribers. They contain the ten tales in Galland, beginning with “Zayn al-Asnam” and “Aladdin.” These two have been translated directly from the Arabic MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, lately acquired by M. Hermann Zotenberg (see ACADEMY, January 22, 1887). This distinguished Orientalist, by-the-by, is now printing the text of “Aladdin” with prolegomena and annotations, which will be most interesting and novel to students. Sir R. Burton has been compelled, through the impediments placed in his way by the Bodleian authorities (see ACADEMY, November 13, 1886) to modify his plan, and to substitute Galland for the Wortley Montague MSS., of which he has as yet translated only half of the fourth volume.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a new volume, by Mr. W. Clark Russell, entitled *A Book for the Hammock*.

A BOOK likely to cause some sensation in clerical circles is announced for immediate publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It is entitled, *Only a Curate*; and the writer died

while his book was yet in the press. The hero of the story is a young Canadian, who, on taking orders in England, is much astonished by the machinery—if so it may be called—by which the Church of England is worked.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in the press, for immediate publication, *A Guide to Alassio*: a Pearl of the Riviera, by Dr. Joseph Schneer, containing a chapter on its history, an account of the town, the people, their manners and customs, trade and industry, excursions and meteorological observations.

*An Old World Story* is the title of a new tale, founded on the times of the Commonwealth, that will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

THE City of London Publishing Company will almost immediately issue a volume of poems, entitled *Roses and Thorns*, by C. W. Heckethorn.

THE next volume in the series of "Camelot Classics," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be Mazzini's *Essays, Literary and Political*, with an introduction by Mr. W. Clarke.

MR. AARON WATSON has made arrangements to contribute to a number of provincial newspapers a series of studies in Bohemia, under the title of "Characters of the Day."

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS'S *Introduction to Robert Browning's Works* (Cassell) has sold out its first edition of two thousand copies within four months. A revised edition will be ready next month, with Mr. Symons's comments on Browning's *Parleyings*.

The Browning Society—of which Dr. F. J. Furnivall was elected president at the late annual meeting—has more members than ever. Mr. Henderson has accepted the post of secretary for New York.

ON Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell an unusually interesting collection of books, MSS., and autograph letters, the bulk of which come from the library of the late William Brice, of Bristol. Mr. Brice's books include many county histories on large paper, and are all well bound. He also possessed all of the four folios of Shakspeare, what is known as the Shakspeare edition of Holinshed, Purchas with the almost unique map, and the first edition of Hakluyt with the scarcely less rare map. Among the other lots we can only mention several holograph MSS. of Pope's poems, and—what is still more attractive—similar holographs of some of Rossetti's ballads and sonnets. It will be very curious to learn the comparative market prices of the originals of the "Essay on Man" and "The King's Tragedy."

By the death of the Rev. Dr. W. Maturin, of Dublin, the post of Marsh's librarian in that city has become vacant. Marsh's library has a curious history. It was founded in 1707 by Archbishop Marsh, who presented, as the nucleus of the collection, the books of the famous Bishop Stillingfleet, and endowed it with a good estate in the county Meath. At present it comprises about 20,000 volumes, besides some valuable MSS. The post is worth about £250 a year, with a residence. It is open to M.A.'s of any university in Great Britain or Ireland, and is not confined to clergymen, though hitherto the appointments have been notorious for unblushing jobbery. For more than a century—from 1773 to 1875—the librarianship was held in succession by three clerical members of the Cradock family, descended from a former Dean of St. Patrick's, and collaterally from an archbishop of Dublin of the same name. The duty of appointment is vested in a body of official governors, of whom two now happen to be Roman Catholics.

Applications should be addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire called attention to Mr. H. J. S. Cotton's little book on *New India* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—which (we may mention) has been translated into some half dozen of the vernacular languages. M. Saint-Hilaire commended the information given about the caste system, the joint-family life, and the influence of education; but, while he agreed that Christianity was destined to make no progress, he doubted the probability of the spread of Positivism in India.

#### THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

AN important series of papers by Mr. David A. Wells, the American economist, on the present "Great Depression of Trade," will be commenced in the next number of the *Contemporary Review*, which will also contain a continuation of Mr. Holman Hunt's autobiographical papers, and articles by M. Clermont Ganneau on "The Moabite Stone," by Lord Thring on "Irish Alternatives," by Prof. Stokes on "Alexander Knox and the Oxford Movement," and by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen on "The Progress of Popular Music."

PRINCESS LOUISE has placed at the disposal of the editor of the *Lady's World* the original drawing of the screen designed by herself and executed by members of the Lady's Work Society, of which she is president. The design is being reproduced by lithography, and will be given in the *Lady's World* for August.

MR. G. A. SALA'S house in Mecklenburg Square will form the subject of a special article, with illustrations, in the August number of the *Magazine of Art*; Mr. Richard Jefferies will contribute a paper entitled "Nature in the Louvre"; the frontispiece will consist of a steel engraving of "The Daughter of Palma," from the painting by Palma Vecchio.

LADY SOPHIA PALMER will contribute to the August number of the *Quiver* a paper on "Jerusalem as it is," containing her experiences of the city during a recent visit to the Holy Land.

"A TREACHEROUS CALM" is the title of a new serial story by Thomas Keyworth, the opening chapters of which will appear in the August number of *Cassell's Magazine*.

#### A TRANSLATION.

##### APRIL DRINKING SONG.

(From the Italian of Giosuè Carducci, "Levia Gravia," I.-IX.)

Now from the leafy closes—  
Dark holm-oak, almond pale—  
Dances upon the gale  
The blithe birds' nuptial song;  
And the shy, sweet primroses,  
On sunlit hills unfold;  
Eyes of the nymphs of old  
That watch the mortal throng.

And sunbeams softly glowing  
The orchards white salute;  
And o'er the landscape mute  
The sky bends low with love;  
And April's warm breath blowing  
Swayeth the corn in flower;  
Like veil of bride in bower,  
Which her soft love-sighs move.

With throbbing and leaping pulses,  
Feel the sweet influence both  
The vine's rough trunk uncouth,  
The tender maiden's breast;  
In odorous air of spring-tide  
Buddeth the tree-trunk cold;  
The love her heart doth hold  
Is in bright blush confest.

The warm air breeds a ferment,  
And in a seething flood  
Leaps in the veins the blood,  
Leaps in the cask the wine;  
Ah, for thy native hillside,  
Red prisoner, dost thou fret?  
Is it thy strong regret  
That shakes that tun of thine?

Here of the vine-shoot joyous,  
The jocund spirit see;  
How better now employ us,  
Than set the captive free?

From where he is prisoned darkling,  
Free to the glad sunlight;  
Alive and brilliantly sparkling,  
Here in the wine cup bright.

In sight of the hills that miss him,  
Again to see the day,  
Let the soft south wind kiss him  
That ushers in the May.

Thou smilest on him, O Sun, from thee he springs,  
Begot when thou sink'st low on Ops'\* deep  
breast.

And this thy gift comfort to sad life brings,  
Ardent as thou art, yet serenely blest.  
When thou recedest prone, himself he flings,  
Celestial thrall in earth's dark jail opprest.  
Then steep thy beams in heavenliest vermeil glow,  
And kiss, immortal sun, thy child's bright brow.

Vermeil is this—But that of golden hue,  
As thy bright hair, Apollo, lord of light;  
Or the fair nymphs', that from Olympus drew  
Thee, to pursue through Tempé's vale their  
flight,

What time the Ionian spirit joyous grew,  
And named thee lord of all things fair and  
bright.

Alas, the fairest shapes are banisht now—  
Yet kiss, immortal sun, thy child's bright brow.

Of them he only doth to us remain;  
And well I love him whether white or red;  
White, he's the light that flashes from the brain,  
And sparkles into song in poet's head.  
Red, he's the true heart's blood, strong to sustain,  
That leaps to high-souled deeds and conquers  
dread.

Steep then thy beams in gold and vermeil glow,  
And kiss, immortal sun, thy child's bright brow.

M. R. WELD.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE "Smith and Wright" is the title of a very short paper in the *Antiquary*, by Mr. J. F. Hodgetts. It is instructive, but we feel that a great deal more information ought to have been given. So very much of what we call modern civilisation has been the direct result of the labours of the men who work in iron, wood, and stone, that we cannot but wish that the early and mediæval history of these "crafts" should be dealt with in an exhaustive manner. "Mellifont Abbey" is the subject of a paper by Mr. F. R. MacClintock. Though we have suffered more than any man can tell by the destruction of the remains of our monastic architecture in this island, the damage has not been so relentless as in Ireland. It is probable that, except in a few places on the eastern side of the island, the architectural glories of the green isle were never so great as those of England and Northern France. The long continued wars and rapine by which Ireland was tortured hindered the growth of architecture as it did the sister arts; but that there was much that was beautiful we know, and of that much but a few precious fragments remain. Enough, however, exists, to show that in Ireland as elsewhere, architectural beauty was a strong passion. Mellifont was a Cistercian house. Its founder was an Irish prince, but it really owes its origin to the great Saint Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh, the friend of Saint

\* Ops—the Oscan earth goddess; the meaning is that the wine is generated when the sun hangs low over the earth in winter.



Bernard. Mr. MacClintock tells us that "monkish annals . . . do not, as a rule, furnish very profitable matter for reflection." In this we do not agree with him. How much should we know of the middle ages had it not been for the monastic chroniclers? We concede, however, that the storm-time of the Reformation, when the religious houses were secularised, is also important. Richard Conter, the last abbot, surrendered his house to King Henry VIII, in 1540. The abbey lands seem not to have been given away until 1566, when they were bestowed on Sir Edward Moore, an English soldier of fortune. The abbey was then converted into a dwelling house where the Moores resided until they removed to Moore Abbey, the present seat of the family, early in the last century. The work of destruction has not been so complete here as elsewhere; we gather from Mr. MacClintock's paper that the chapter-house is still in a nearly perfect state. The series of papers on "Old Storied Houses" progresses well. The Oaks, West Bromwich, is the one treated of now. From the engraving here given, it seems to be an excellent specimen of those half-timbered structures of which England once possessed so many fine examples. Mr. Peacock has contributed a paper on "John Hodgson," author of the *History of Northumberland*, which draws attention to the fact that Hodgson, as well as being a learned antiquary, assisted Sir Humphrey Davy in those researches which led to the invention of the safety-lamp.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for July contains another article on the date of the prophecy of Joel by Dr. Matthes, with reference to recent writers, especially W. L. Pearson, whose ill-thought-out tractate derives special importance from the assistance which the author states that he received from Prof. Dillmann. Dr. van Manen renews recent attempts to raise the credit of Marcion. This first paper contains a historical survey; in the next, a detailed discussion will be given relative to the Epistle to the Galatians. Dr. van Leeuwen notices W. Wason's edition of Plato's "Symposium," taking a higher and, as it seems, worthier view of that charming work. Dr. Hugenholz draws attention to some points in Wundt's important work on ethics. Dr. Baljon criticises the treatment of the text in Heinrici's excellent commentary on 2 Corinthians. Dr. Tiele notices recent issues of the "Sacred Books of the East."

THE July *Livre* is as interesting as usual in its minor and contemporary articles; but the part destined for posterity is not so good as it might be, and as it often recently has been. A review of Mr. Rogers Rees's *Pleasures of a Bookworm*, and an account of "Les Grands Editeurs d'Allemagne" are, no doubt, both things which may very properly find a place in such a publication. But we hardly think that either is up to the level of chief piece of resistance in *Le Livre*; and other there is none. Something the same may be said of the illustrations—a portrait of Herr Paul Lindau, and a rather commonplace sketch of the Rouen Typographical Exhibition. They certainly "do not over-stimulate"; indeed, they do not "stimulate" half enough.

## THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

### XII.

I HAVE now endeavoured to demonstrate that when we place the printer of the Costeriana and his products in a period commencing with the year 1471 and ending several years afterwards, we find him and them cut a very strange figure indeed among the other printers and the other products of that period. But when we place him and some, at least, of his works about and before 1454, that is to say, if we

acknowledge him as the inventor of printing and some of his works as the firstfruits of the art of printing, we are able, forthwith, to reconcile a variety of circumstances, traditions, and accounts, which otherwise remain hopelessly at variance with each other, and with a period of 1471 to 1474, and later. If we place the Costeriana about and before 1454, we make them (in accordance with the statement of the Cologne Chronicle) the first prefiguration of Mentz printing, and have the key to the perfection of the Mentz products which we already observe at the moment that the art of printing made its appearance there. If we refuse to date the Costeriana so early, and to accept them as the models of Mentz printing, this perfection of Mentz printing must always be regarded as an inexplicable fact. And if we refuse to date the Costeriana so early, and to accept them as the models of Mentz printing, we are compelled to act in the most extraordinary manner. In the first place, we should have to say that (though bibliographically speaking the Dutch and the Gutenberg and the Schoeffer *Donatuses* cannot be said to differ in point of time, yet in order to satisfy some theory) we declare the Dutch *Donatuses* to have been printed circa 1471-74, therefore about twenty or thirty years later than the Mentz *Donatuses*. Our next step would be, of course, to declare that the *Specula* and the *Doctrinales*, and all the other Costeriana which cannot be separated from the *Donatuses*, were likewise not printed before 1471-74. And when once we have satisfied ourselves that these arguments are perhaps not usual, but demanded by the exigencies of the Gutenberg theory, and have, accordingly, brushed the Dutch *Donatuses*, and the *Specula*, and the *Doctrinales* completely out of our sight, we smilingly say to anyone who dares to call our attention to Ulrich Zell's testimony in the Cologne Chronicle of 1499: "But, my dear sir, there are no *Donatuses* printed in Holland that Zell could possibly refer to as having been the 'prefiguration' for Mentz printing, for those that you are thinking of were printed long after the invention of printing had been made at Mentz. Zell was mistaken in every one of his particulars; he meant *Donatuses* printed from wooden blocks, not from movable types, and when he spoke of Holland he meant Flanders!" And if anyone should have the courage to refer to Junius's account of the Haarlem invention, we simply declare that his whole account is a fable, a legend, a myth from beginning to end. And if anyone should hesitate and murmur that, though some of Junius's particulars appear doubtful, and even wrong, yet a good many of the genealogical and bibliographical particulars mentioned by him have turned out to be absolutely true, and that this could not have been the case if everything had been a falsehood—we reply that Junius also relates particulars about a mermaid, and tells us that a woman had given birth to 365 babies at one and the same time, and that therefore everything else mentioned in his *Batavia* must be a fable also.

In other words, if we refuse to date (some at least of) the Costeriana before Mentz printing, we are compelled to deal with Zell's account in the Cologne Chronicle in a manner which would not be allowed in any other case. We should have to say that this man, whose utterances as regards Gutenberg and Mentz printing are regarded as Gospel-truths, went completely off his head the moment he spoke of Dutch *Donatuses*, and said something quite different from what he meant, or, rather, referred to something that he omitted to say. In fact, desperate attempts to distort and discredit Zell's account have been made at all times, and by various authors. As long as no typographically-printed *Donatuses* had been discovered,

the opponents of the Haarlem claims pointed exultingly to this want of evidence in proof of Zell's allegation, who, therefore, so they said, could only have meant xylographically-printed *Donatuses*. Now that we have the very *Donatuses*, which were formerly (when people fancied that they did not exist) emphatically demanded as the only means of substantiating Zell's assertion, the opponents of the Haarlem claims turn round and say: (1) that Zell must have meant Flanders when he spoke of Holland; (2) that he could only have meant xylographic *Donatuses*, as otherwise his account would be contradictory in itself, ascribing the invention of printing to two persons and to two different places; (3) that he was a pupil of Peter Schoeffer, the rival of Johan Gutenberg, and, therefore, wished to detract from the latter's glory; and (4), lastly, some ingenious editor of the Cologne Chronicle professes to have discovered that Ulrich Zell, though he is expressly named as the author of the substantial part (the beginning and progress of printing) of the celebrated passage in the Cologne Chronicle, did not suggest it, after all. Explanations and applications of this astounding feat of interpretation may be read in Dr. Van der Linde's last two works on printing, and his explanations and interpretations are echoed by all those who wish to acknowledge Gutenberg as the inventor of printing. There is, of course, contradiction in the account of the Cologne Chronicle if we were to take it as a whole, because it apparently tells us in the first instance (1) that the art of printing was invented at Mentz in 1440; and it then goes on to say (2) that from 1440 to 1450 the art and all that belonged to it was investigated; and it continues to say (3) that in 1450 people began to print, the first book that was printed being the Bible in Latin; then follows the important contradiction (4) that, although the art was discovered at Mentz, as is said before, in the manner as it is now [1499] customary, yet the first prefiguration was found in Holland out of the *Donatuses*, which had been printed there before that time [1450], and from and out of them was taken the beginning of the aforesaid art, and it has been found much more masterly and more exact (*subtilis*) than that [other = in Holland] manner was, and has become more and more artistic; then follows (5) a contradiction of Nic. Jenson being the inventor of printing; then, again (6), an assertion that the first discoverer (*vinder*) of printing was a citizen of Mentz, who was born at Strassburg and named "jonker Johan Gudenburch"; then (7) an assertion that the art of printing spread from Mentz to Cologne, Strassburg, and Venice; finally (8), the information of the compiler that the beginning and progress of the aforesaid art had been verbally related to him by the upright man, master Ulrich Zell, of Hanau, still a printer at Cologne in 1499.

Now, it is admitted (in fact, it is clear from the wording) that statement No. 1 was copied by the compiler of the Cologne Chronicle from Hartmann Schedel's Chronicle, published in 1493; that statement No. 2 was written by the same compiler as a transition from statement 1 to 3; that the latter statement was made by Ulrich Zell. And rational people would come to the conclusion that statement No. 4 was also made by him. But no; statement No. 4 is declared to have been written down by the compiler, just as if the latter himself did not distinctly say that the beginning and progress of the art had been told him by Ulrich Zell.

I think it must be plain to everybody that if we remove statement No. 1, which is admitted to have been copied from Schedel's Chronicle, the whole passage in the Cologne Chronicle becomes quite clear; in fact, it is not in the least obscure, unless we decline to have any-

thing to do with the Haarlem tradition. We see that the compiler of the Cologne Chronicle took counsel with Ulrich Zell as to the art of printing, and that Zell told him certain things which he would not, or could not, reconcile with the statements which he found printed in the historical books at his disposal. So he copied first Hartmann Schedel's statement (1), and inserted No. 2 in order to reconcile statements Nos. 1 and 3. But when we remove Nos. 1 and 2, and also regard Nos. 6, 7, and 8 as the compiler's statements, as they certainly appear (even to Dr. Van der Linde) to be, what is there to prevent us from accepting statements 3 and 4 as Zell's utterances? They actually relate the beginning and progress of the art of printing, which the compiler, as he says, had heard from Zell.

We should, of course, have to reject Zell's statements if we had no *Donatuses* which could be said to have been printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz. I, for one, should even feel inclined to reject Zell's statement, if, after nearly four hundred years, we had found only a single *Donatus* printed in Holland, because Zell speaks in the plural. But we have several editions of *Donatuses*, which have undoubtedly been printed in Holland. These two circumstances (the plurality of the *Donatuses* and the fact that they were printed in Holland) agree, therefore, with Zell's statements. But those who wish to reject his testimony tell us that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland were not printed before people printed in Mentz. I have endeavoured to demonstrate that the *Donatuses* printed in Holland may be said to be at least as old as the Gutenberg and Schoeffer *Donatuses*; and that, if we grant so much, the Dutch *Donatuses* may then be said to be older than the Mentz *Donatuses*, for there is no difference between the printed books of the period 1454 to 1477. It is clearly the duty of the opponents of Zell's testimony to say why the Dutch *Donatuses* should be dated even a single year later than the Mentz *Donatuses*.

We should, of course, have also to reject Zell's statements, if the *Donatuses*, which we may fit into his account, differed, even in the minutest particular, from the books on which the claims of Holland (=Haarlem) are based by a tradition handed down to us by Junius, and which cannot be said to have derived, in any sense of the word, its particulars from Zell or from the Cologne Chronicle. If, for instance, the *Speculum* and the *Doctrinale*, on which Junius based the Haarlem (=Holland) claims, could be declared, with any degree of certainty, to have been printed not earlier than 1480-1490, I, for one, should certainly abstain from saying one word more. But when we see the opponents of the Haarlem claims themselves admit that the printing of those works cannot very well be placed later than 1471-1474, then we may be allowed to ask them what difference they can point out between the printing and workmanship of these Dutch and German incunabula produced between 1454 and 1474, which would compel us to date the former later than the latter. Or I for one should abstain also from saying one word more if the types of the *Speculum* and the *Doctrinale*, on which Junius based the Haarlem (=Holland) claims, differed, even in the minutest particular, from the types of the *Donatuses* which we may fit into Zell's account. But we know that the types of the three works mentioned, independently, by Zell and Junius are identical, and, therefore, forbid us to separate Zell's account from that of Junius.

But, really, the opponents of the Haarlem claims have realised themselves the difficulties of rejecting Zell's account, or of not ascribing it to him; otherwise they would not suggest, at the very moment that they deny that Zell

wrote the statements, that Zell meant xylographically printed *Donatuses*; least of all would they have suggested that Zell had been a pupil of Peter Schoeffer, the rival of Johan Gutenberg, and, therefore, wished to detract from the latter's glory. Here I really feel inclined to agree most heartily with Dr. Van der Linde and all other opponents of the Haarlem claims; for if Zell had actually been animated with such a feeling against Gutenberg he could not have chosen a surer basis for his opposition to his enemy's glory than the *Donatuses* printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz. They surely not only detract from Gutenberg's glory, but they destroy his claims to the invention altogether. Dr. Van der Linde and other opponents of the Haarlem claims, in suggesting this enmity on Zell's part, forget to tell us why Zell, the so-called pupil of Peter Schoeffer, in wishing to injure Gutenberg's reputation, should have ascribed the first prefiguration to non-German *Donatuses*, or to any *Donatuses*, or xylographic *Donatuses* in particular. Why should he not have said (if he meant xylographic *Donatuses*) that Gutenberg took his inspiration from block printing? Or, when he set about making a false statement, and wished to injure Gutenberg, why should he not have said that Schoeffer's *Donatuses* were the first prefiguration? I believe there is only one answer to all these questions, and a good many others that may be asked. Zell was speaking the truth to the compiler of the Cologne Chronicle, and the truth of his account is proved by the *Donatuses* which we possess, and which were printed in Holland before people printed at Mentz.

J. H. HESSELS.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- HERTZ, E. Voltaire u. die französische Strafrechtspflege im 18. Jahrh. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Aufklärungszeitalters. Stuttgart: Enke. 12 M.  
HEUSCH, Waldor de. La tactique d'aujourd'hui et quelques mots de la tactique de demain. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 8 fr.  
HUNNIGER, E. Fahrten nach Mond u. Sonne. Studien insbesondere zur französ. Litteraturgeschichte d. 17. Jahrh. Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 35 Pf.  
IMHOOF-BLUMBERG, F. Zur Münzkunde Grossgriechenlands, Siciliens, Kretas etc. Wien. 4 M. 50 Pf.  
L'ALLEMAGNE actuelle. Paris: Pion. 3 fr. 50 c.  
MAYER, M. Die Giganten u. Titanen in der antiken Sage u. Kunst. Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.  
PEARSON, K. Die Eponica. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Christusbildes im Mittelalter. Strassburg: Trübner. 9 M.

##### HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- DECHEND. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Feldzuges v. 1806 nach Quellen d. Archives Marburg. Berlin: Luckhardt. 2 M. 40 Pf.  
DUCLOS, H. Histoire des Arisgeois. T. 8. Archéologues de l'Arise. T. III. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.  
GESTA di Federico in Italia descritta in versi latini da anonimo contemporaneo ora pubbl. secunda un MS. della Vaticana a cura di E. Monaci. Milan: Hoepli. 9 fr.  
HREUZA, E. Üb. das Lege agere pro tutela. Rechtsgeschichtliche Untersuchung. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M.  
LEMONNIER, H. Etude historique sur la condition privée des affranchis aux trois premiers siècles de l'empire romain. Paris: Hachette. 6 fr.  
LUPUS, B. Die Stadt Syrakus im Alterthum. Autoris. deutsche Bearbeitung. der Cavallari-Holm'schen topografia archeologica di Siracusa. Strassburg: Heitz. 10 M.  
MARGHEGAY, P. Correspondance de Louise de Coligny, princesse d'Orange. (1555-1620.) Paris: Doin. 10 fr.  
MÜLLENHEIM-ROCHBERG, H. Frhr. v. Die Annexion d. Elsass durch Frankreich u. Rückblicke auf die Verwalte d. Landes vom Westphälischen Frieden bis zum Ryswicker Frieden (1648-1697). Strassburg: Heitz. 1 M. 50 Pf.  
NABER, J. Die römischen Militärstrassen u. Handelswege in Südwestdeutschland, in Elsass-Lothringen u. der Schweiz. Strassburg: Noiriell. 3 M.  
NAPOLÉON, le Prince. Napoléon et ses détracteurs. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.  
SCHULTZE, V. Geschichte d. Untergangs d. griechisch-römischen Heidentums. I. Staat u. Kirche im Kampfe m. dem Heidentum. Jena: Costenoble. 12 M.  
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- BECK, G. Flora v. Südösterreich u. der angrenzenden Herzegovina. 3. Thl. Wien: Holder. 8 M.  
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- CHABANEAU, C. Vie de Saint George, poème provençal, publié pour la première fois d'après le manuscrit de la Bibliothèque nationale. Paris: Maisonneuve. 2 fr. 50 c.  
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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### CHAUCEER'S NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE.

Cambridge: July 14, 1887.

Tyrwhitt has pointed out how cleverly Chaucer has expanded his Nun's Priest's Tale out of one of the fables of Marie de France. He quotes the fable, in the original Old French, from the Harleian MS. No. 978, fol. 76. The same fable appears as No. 51 in Roquefort's edition of the fables of Marie de France (Paris, 1820), where it is printed from another MS. I think many readers would be glad of a translation of Marie's fable, as it enables one to make the comparison with Chaucer much more easily. I, therefore, subjoin one, following Tyrwhitt's text mainly, as it seems to be the better of the two:

##### "THE COCK AND THE FOX."

"A Cock our story tells of, who  
High on a dunghill stood and crew.  
A Fox, attracted, straight drew nigh,  
And spake soft words of flattery.  
'Dear sir!' said he, 'your look's divine;  
I never saw a bird so fine!  
I never heard a voice so clear  
Except your father's—ah! poor dear!  
His voice rang clearly, loudly—but  
Most clearly, when his eyes were shut!'  
'The same with me!' the Cock replies,  
And flaps his wings, and shuts his eyes.  
Each note rings clearer than the last—  
The Fox starts up, and holds him fast;  
Towards the wood he hies apace.  
But as he crossed an open space,  
The shepherds spy him; off they fly;  
The dogs give chase with hue and cry.  
The Fox still holds the Cock; but fear  
Suggests his case is growing queer—  
'Tush!' cries the Cock, 'cry out, to grieve 'em,  
'The Cock is mine! I'll never leave him!'  
The Fox attempts, in scorn, to shout,  
And opens his mouth; the Cock slips out,  
And, in a trice, has gained a tree.  
Too late the Fox begins to see  
How well the Cock his game has play'd;  
For once his tricks have been repaid.  
In angry language, uncontrol'd,  
He 'gins to curse the mouth that's bold  
To speak, when it should silent be.  
'Well,' says the Cock, 'the same with me;  
I curse the eyes that go to sleep  
Just when they ought sharp watch to keep  
Lest evil to their lord befall.'  
Thus fools contrariously do all:  
They chatter when they should be dumb,  
And, when they ought to speak, are mum."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

#### THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT IN GREEK.

Ulm: June 29, 1887.

May I call attention in the ACADEMY to the fact that it is now exactly 300 years since the first edition of the New Testament in Greek was printed in England? Such, at least, is the



statement of the well-known editor Reuss, of Strassburg, and of all bibliographers whom I have read. On p. 91 of his *Bibliotheca Novi Testamenti Graeci* (1872) E. Reuss describes an edition "Londini, excudebat Thomas Vautrollerius, 1587, 16°, of which he says:

"Editio omnium in Britannia procuratarum prima. Typographi e Gallia oriundi nomen Le Long et Maschius p. 224 perperam Vautrollerium scribunt."

According to an indication on the title-page, which is confirmed by the collations of Reuss, the text was taken from H. Stephanus (*sine loco* 1576, 16°, or rather from the later reprint 1587, 16°) and diligently collated with the last edition of Beza. Even the types of H. Stephanus were followed by the English printer. Reuss adds:

"Unicum quod nancisci potui exemplar possidet Bibliotheca ad S. Genovevae Parisiensis."

Nor was there a copy in the famous collection of Pastor Loeck, now in the Royal Public Library of Stuttgart.

Dr. C. R. Gregory mentions in his *Prolegomena to Tischendorf* (iii., p. 218), that Scrivener (*Introduction*, 2nd ed., Cambridge, 1874, p. 390, n. i.) speaks of an edition "Londinii anno 1565"; but Gregory adds: "quae haec sit, nescio." And he has also the statement: "Bibliographi omnes N.T. Gr. in Anglia primum anno 1587 editum esse docent."

It is a remarkable fact that it took so long a time till the want of the Greek Testament was general enough in England to encourage an English printer to undertake an edition of it. This fact may be compared with the similar statement, which I happened to read the other day in Kapp's *Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels*, that during the whole of the fifteenth century no edition of the Bible appeared in England, but between 1526 and 1600 no less than 306. And nowadays it is from England that we receive not only the reprints of the *textus receptus* published by the British and Foreign Bible Society—editions which we would rather miss—but also such standard editions of the Greek Testament as that of Westcott and Hort, not to speak of such minor, but none the less valuable, contributions towards the textual history of the Bible as those on the Codex Amiatinus which appeared lately in the columns of the ACADEMY.

I ought to add that I have no means of ascertaining in what English libraries and collections copies of this edition are to be found. Perhaps in England it is not so rare as it seems, according to this statement of Reuss, to be on the Continent. At all events, I hope to be excused, in this time of centenaries, for having called attention to what we must for the present consider as the first English edition of the New Testament in Greek.

E. NESTLE.

#### THE STOWE MISSAL.

Walmer: July 18, 1887.

Invalided, away from home and books, I am not well placed for re-arguing the various points raised in the latter half of Dr. MacCarthy's letter in the ACADEMY of July 16. I still join issue with him on the more important of them, while accepting his corrections on some points of detail, to which he now draws my attention for the first time.

With regard to the symbol X, the dates usually assigned to the books of Dimma and Mulling are extremely problematical, and rest on proposed identifications of their writers which may be as unfounded as Dr. MacCarthy's proposed identification of Moel Caich. Apart from this, the small liturgical portions of those volumes with which alone we are now concerned are, if I remember right, not coeval

with the bulk of the text, and may, like the St. Gall MS. 1395, be at least as late as the ninth, and possibly as the tenth, century.

The list of errata in my printed version of the Stowe text I accept as provisionally and presumably correct. Scholars will be generous enough to accept my explanation of them for what it is worth. My work was accomplished under difficulties. The Stowe Missal was at that time private property. There was no apparent probability then of its ever ceasing to be such, otherwise I would gladly have waited. Through the kind courtesy of the present Lord Ashburnham, I was practically the first person to have access to it. I travelled down from London to Ashburnham Place by the newspaper train in winter, starting about 5 a.m., and was engaged for thirty-six hours continuously (meal times excepted) in transcribing about one hundred pages of the MS. I worked through the whole night by candle light, and my eyes have not yet quite recovered from the strain. I was permitted to pay a second visit to Ashburnham Place to correct the proof-sheets, which I took with me. There were numerous misreadings of my own as well as printers' errors to correct. The MS. is not "as plain as print." A glance at Dr. MacCarthy's plate, as well as the long discussions in your columns about certain readings, prove this. It presented, and still presents, many unsolved difficulties, partly due to its palimpsest character, partly to the dislocation of two leaves, to which I have called attention on p. 261, note 62, partly to the carelessness of the scribes and the corruptness of the text. Frequently neither grammar nor sense helped one to the true reading. In a text where a collect is headed "In sollemnitatibus Petri et Christi" (p. 227) by error for "Petri et Pauli," one need not be surprised that Stellae (= Epiphany) should be placed as a heading to words which refer to Maundy Thursday (p. 235).

Such rapid work in a limited time is very different from working at the MS. at leisure in the library of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin, with another person's printed transcript and notes, though unacknowledged, by one's side, and with Irish experts at hand to consult in case of difficulty.

With this apology I will stop. In the face of Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter in last week's ACADEMY, your readers will agree with me that discussion is difficult with a controversialist who can only escape from the charge of fraudulent references if he is willing to admit the charges of ambiguity and irrelevancy, and the gist of whose arguments it is sometimes impossible to catch, because they are not conducted upon the ordinary lines of English or of any other, save possibly Irish, logic.

F. E. WARREN.

[In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, p. 42, col. 1, l. 5, for "1250" read "1150."]

#### DIVINATION BY THE WINNOWING BASKET.

July 9, 1887.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, is a paper by Mr. Sherer under the heading "Mystica Vannus," which gives some interesting particulars connecting the Eastern method of winnowing wheat with that practised in France during the middle ages, and, doubtless, long before. The writer also refers to the ancient Greek and Roman reverence for the Van, and to its mention in the Bible. He gives a curious account of the sanctity of the implement, and shows that it is still used in India as a babe's first cradle, in the same manner as is represented on Grecian bas-reliefs of great antiquity. Finally, he offers some speculations on the use of the epithet "mystica" in the mention of the "vannus

Iacchi" in the first *Georgic* of Virgil. "Reflection will show," says Mr. Sherer, "that there was a sacredness attaching to the winnowing-basket."

It is perhaps a dim reminiscence of this ancient cult that prompts some of the lower classes in Hindustan to use the *sāp* as an instrument of divination. It should be mentioned that this primaevial winnowing-engine is nothing but a flat basket with one side higher than the next two, the fourth being entirely open. It thus lets the grain fall, while at the same time it serves as a fan. Its form, therefore, resembles that of the modern English dust-pan. Through the wicker-work of the raised side, or back, a strong T-shaped twig is driven, one end of the cross-piece resting lightly on the finger. A question is then asked, and "Yes" or "No" is augured according as the basket, thus suspended, turns to left or right; an archaic anticipation of the oracles of "Planchette." This description is given from memory, after the lapse of years; perhaps Captain Temple, or some other Indian folklorist, can correct or amplify it. In any case it appears to point to a mystery and reverence hanging over the *sāp*.

I may add that Mr. Sherer's attempt to connect the word with *sāp*—"a bivalve-shell"—does not seem tenable. The two words are derived from two different Sanscrit roots.

Be this as it may, the article is full of interesting suggestion, and the subject deserves to be worked out as an old derelict of the common ancestors of Europe and Asia.

M. A.

#### "THE BLUE VASE" AND "THE PRUSSIAN VASE."

July 19, 1887.

Prof. W. Wright has called attention to the fact that my story, "The Blue Vase," in *Belgravia* for June, 1887, closely resembles Miss Edgeworth's "Prussian Vase," in her *Moral Tales*, vol. i., p. 167 (edit. 1832). I was quite ignorant that Miss Edgeworth had told the story till it was pointed out to me. It was given in 1817 in the *Niederrheinische Archiv*, vol. i., and thence was quoted repeatedly in Germany in the controversy which raged against the secret system of trial, and in favour of the introduction of trial by jury; and, as Dr. Löffler says, "without the slightest suspicion that the story was not authentic." At last Dr. Löffler, editor of the *Berliner Gerichts-Zeitung*, disputed the facts. He showed that there were improbabilities in it, which made it impossible to accept it, without further evidence, as genuine history. As it was so uncertain where fact ended and fiction began, I gave the incidents a romantic colour, and rounded them off as a story, without any suspicion that Miss Edgeworth had done the same long before. There is, probably, some substratum of fact.

S. BARING-GOULD.

#### SCIENCE.

DELITZSCH'S ASSYRIAN DICTIONARY.

*Assyrisches Wörterbuch zur gesammten bisher veröffentlichten Keilschriftliteratur unter Berücksichtigung zahlreicher unveröffentlichter Texte.* Von Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. (Leipzig: Hinrichs.)

AN American humorist has said that "it is better not to know so much than to know so much that aint so." The remark could nowhere be better applied than to Assyrian lexicography. The greatest harm has been done to Assyriology by the pretensions of some of its students to so much certain know-

ledge on philological questions. A few years ago, when Assyrian scholars were more moderate, their work commanded the respect of the learned world.

When the lamented George Smith discovered the deluge tablet, creating a revolution in Oriental study, public attention was directed anew to the value of Assyrian for Semitic philology and the history of the Bible. Smith's translations, after the lapse of a number of years, may still be studied with profit. The first attempt at an Assyrian dictionary was made by E. Norris, three volumes of which were published. The many references given made it an invaluable help to scholars. More recently a fairly complete concordance of words and of the passages where they occur has been issued by the Rev. J. N. Strassmaier; and the accuracy of Mr. Pinches has rendered available a large number of additional texts in the invaluable series issued by the British Museum. Notwithstanding this, Assyrian lexicography has but made a beginning. When we know how many thousand contract tablets still lie untranslated upon the shelves of the British Museum, in which a vast number of unknown words occur, and when we remember how small a part of the Assyrian and Babylonian literature we possess, we are bound to grant that we must be still a long way from finality in our knowledge of that very difficult language.

The published books, however, of Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, of Leipzig, convey to the reader a very different idea. His works, *The Hebrew Language viewed in the Light of Assyrian Research* and *Prolegomena zu einem neuen Hebräisch-Aramäischen Wörterbuch Alten Testaments*, claim far too much for Assyrian. Upon him rests the responsibility for a large share of the disrepute into which Assyriology has fallen, and he deserves the rebuke which he has received at the hands of such scholars as Th. Nöldeke, D. H. Müller, and others. The idea which Delitzsch advances, that Assyriologists have arrived, in so short a time, at foregone conclusions on so many points of Semitic philology, is justly set aside by the best Arabic and Syriac scholars everywhere.

The most recent contribution to Assyrian lexicography, which is the subject of this review, was announced at least eight years ago; and scholars have waited impatiently for it, hoping that thereby the study of Assyrian would be made much easier. But how sadly have we all been disappointed! The book is neither fitted for the beginner nor for the scholar. For the beginner it is too bewildering and indefinite. He needs only to know the result at which Assyriologists have arrived, without being troubled with the processes by which these results have been reached. It is of no interest to him to learn when Delitzsch copied the texts he quotes, or how large or how small some of the unimportant tablets quoted are. In fact, these things do not properly belong to a dictionary at all. The beginner also is unable to appreciate the long discussions which are found all through the book. The scholar, on the other hand, has no use for them. The passages upon which they are based are all familiar to him, as likewise are many others which he wonders not to find mentioned. Every thorough

student of Assyrian will be struck with the very few letters and documents of which Delitzsch seems to have any knowledge. The same is true as to the contract tablets. Hence the dictionary is of no value for this class of inscriptions, and this is where the scholar would most desire such a work. What is the value of a dictionary which does not solve any of the difficulties of the language?

One qualification which is absolutely necessary in the preparation of such a work is the ability to copy Assyrian inscriptions correctly. In the publications of earlier years there are frequent errors, and these must be carefully corrected, or the lexicographer will be discussing words and giving references which in reality do not exist. Certain unpublished texts are so well known that they must be used in any dictionary. Furthermore, Strassmaier, in his concordance referred to above, published a great many unedited texts. Delitzsch, therefore, felt himself bound to do the same. This he has attempted; but with what success? In a small Assyrian document containing forty-four lines (K. 525) he has made twenty mistakes of copying. In his copy of K. 646 I have noticed several mistakes, besides many characters badly drawn. Even in the fragment of a tablet belonging to the creation legend (which is given twice on the same tablet) he has made several mistakes, such as reading *ut* for *lū*, &c. This text is beautifully clear, and no trouble to a good reader of Assyrian. In fact, so far as I have observed, not even the smallest and most clearly written fragment of the texts that Delitzsch has published for the first time is without mistakes. Moreover, the method followed must inevitably lead to mistakes. To attempt to publish unedited texts in transcription can be of no advantage to science, for they must all be published over again. Why then should so large a space be occupied by these untrustworthy transcriptions?

There are also many undoubted mistakes in the explanation of words. Delitzsch separates *adannu* (p. 135) and *adannīs* (p. 160), putting them under different roots. Now, the former is an adjective and the latter is the adverb from the very same root. The same word occurs in Arabic and Aramaic, and means "time." The word *Aba* is used for an official of some kind, and is of frequent occurrence. Delitzsch gives us the conjectures of others as to its probable meaning, including his own, and then begins his disquisition by saying that it is undoubtedly "good Semitic." But it is quite certain that the word is not Semitic at all, but Accadian. Delitzsch himself shows that he realises the weight of the argument against himself. This is, however, a weakness of his entire method. He considers almost everything Semitic. He tries to ignore the existence of anything else but Assyrian. One must everywhere be struck with the paucity of comparisons made with the other Semitic languages. Where are the many Arabic and Syriac words which ought to have been placed side by side with their Assyrian equivalents in any work professing to be an Assyrian dictionary? Have these languages no longer a place in Semitic philology? One would think so, if one had no other informa-

tion than that supplied by the works of Delitzsch. Has Assyrian advanced so far, and is the published literature so complete, that it can take such an independent position? We venture to think not. It is correct to dwell upon the light that Assyrian has thrown on the Hebrew language, for Hebrew undoubtedly owes much to Assyrian research; but it would certainly be more sensible to point out what Assyrian has become with the aid of and under the leadership of Hebrew and Arabic. What a pitiable condition Assyriology would be in now if it had not had the assistance of these languages, which were already well known before the first Assyrian text was deciphered!

Now, there is need of an Assyrian dictionary on quite a different plan from that of Delitzsch. Some scholar ought to prepare a pocket dictionary, containing eight or ten thousand words, giving the principal meanings, and, in case of unfamiliar words, adding one or two passages illustrating their uses. Such a work would meet the requirements of students, and could be published at a price within reach of those for whom it would be intended. The subscription for Delitzsch's book is about £15, which is as much above its merit as it is beyond the reach of most Assyrian scholars.

S. ALDEN SMITH.

#### THE "ARCHIV FÜR GESCHICHTE DER PHILOSOPHIE."

IN this age of specialist periodicals, it may seem strange that so important a subject as the history of philosophy has hitherto had no recognised organ of its own, and that students should have had to turn to numberless reviews dealing not only with philosophy proper, but also with the classics and with theology.

This want is now to be supplied by the issue of an *Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie*, which has already obtained the support of the best names in other countries as well as in Germany. The editor in chief is Dr. Ludwig Stein, dozent at Zürich, who will take as his special department post-Aristotelian Greek philosophy, Roman philosophy, and the philosophy of the fathers, the schoolmen, and the renaissance. The other editors of special departments are—Prof. Hermann Diels, of Berlin, for pre-Socratic philosophy; Prof. Eduard Zeller, also of Berlin, for the period from Socrates to Aristotle; Prof. Benno Erdmann, of Breslau, for modern philosophy down to Kant; and Prof. Wilhelm Dilthey, of Berlin, for the period since Kant.

A special feature of the *Archiv* is to be a Jahresbericht or annual summary of the current publications on philosophical subjects according to the classification just given. While in this summary Prof. Felice Tocco, of Florence, will be responsible for Italy; Herr P. Tannery, of Tonnesins, for French; Mr. Ingram Bywater, the Greek reader at Oxford, for all works in English relating to ancient philosophy; Prof. J. Gould Schurman, of Ithaca, New York, for English works on mediæval and modern philosophy; and Prof. H. Oldenberg, of Berlin, for all oriental philosophy, whether published in German or other languages.

Besides those already mentioned, the list of contributors includes the names of Prof. W. Wallace and Mr. J. A. Stewart, of Oxford; Dr. H. Jackson and Mr. R. D. Hicks, of Cambridge; Prof. G. Croom Robertson and Mr. R. D. Archer Hill, of London; Prof. Lewis Campbell, of St. Andrews; M. Paul Janet, of Paris; Prof. Gompertz, of Vienna; and Dr. A. Harnack, of Marburg.



Articles may be written either in German, Latin, Italian, French, or English. The first number will appear early in October; and the mode of publication will be quarterly, each number containing about 160 pages. The annual subscription is fixed at twelve marks. The publisher is Herr George Reimer, of Berlin.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

Scrayingham: July 19, 1887.

I have already in the *Cambridge Chronicle* made a solemn protest against the method adopted by Prof. Jebb in his recently published *Introduction to Homer*. The matter is so serious as to make it my duty to bring the question to an issue.

Prof. Jebb has stated that our *Iliad* and our *Odyssey* have come down to us substantially unchanged from the ninth century B.C., and that therefore our *Iliad* and our *Odyssey* formed the Homer of the Greek lyric and tragic poets. He has done this, without making any attempt to rebut the evidence which proves this theory to be absolutely untenable—the fact being that, in Dr. Paley's words, it is

"utterly impossible, from Pindar or any of the very numerous dramas or their titles (not less than 100) bearing on the *Troica*, to prove the existence of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* till the time of Plato."

I am bound to say again, as I have already said, that this challenge must be taken up, and the controversy decided not by citing the opinions and fancies of Aristotle, but by a thorough examination of the facts; and that to reason from the assumed antiquity of the poems to their present form, ignoring all the evidence which demonstrates that the idea of this antiquity is a delusion, is merely to spin a web of more or less plausible fiction and falsehood. I use these words advisedly and deliberately; and I have no hesitation in saying that the determination which clearly exists in some quarters to keep the truth about this question carefully out of sight is a most discreditable fact. In these quarters Prof. Jebb has been lauded as having "rendered a signal service to the scientific study of Greek literature." I assert, that, instead of doing this, he has written a book which from beginning to end can only mislead and deceive. The matter affects Prof. Jebb's personal veracity; and it is in the name only of common honesty and English truthfulness that I repeat this protest.

GEORGE W. COX.

### SCIENCE NOTES.

It is proposed to form a museum of objects of ethnological interest in connexion with the Anthropological Section of the British Association at the forthcoming meeting at Manchester, of which section Prof. Sayce is president. This exhibition will include a remarkable series of casts taken from squeezes recently obtained by Mr. Flinders Petrie during his work in Egypt on behalf of a committee of the British Association. The casts are of much value in enabling the anthropologist to determine the racial characteristics of the people represented on the Egyptian monuments.

THE Clarendon Press will publish, within the next few weeks, the first number of a new scientific periodical, to be called *Annals of Botany*. The papers will be on subjects pertaining to all branches of botanical science, including morphology, histology, physiology, palaeobotany, pathology, geographical distribution, economic botany, and systematic botany and classification. There will also be articles on the history of botany, reviews and criticisms

of botanical works, reports of progress in the different departments of the science, short notes, and letters. A record of botanical works in the English language will be a special feature. The editors are Prof. Bayley Balfour, of Oxford; Dr. Vines, of Cambridge; and Prof. W. G. Farlow, of Harvard. The form of the publication will resemble that of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*; and every effort will be made to secure for it the same excellence in the illustrations.

*Coal Tar and Ammonia* will be the title of the enlarged and more fully illustrated edition of Prof. Lunge's "Treatise on the Distillation of Coal Tar," which Mr. Van Voorst's successors, Messrs. Gurney & Jackson, have in the press, nearly ready for publication.

### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE have to congratulate Mr. Jago on the publication of another Cornish book. The previous volume was entitled *A Glossary of the Cornish Dialect*, of which a short account was given in the ACADEMY of February 20, 1886. The present work is nothing less than an English-Cornish Dictionary, compiled from the best sources, and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It consists of 230 pages quarto, and contains various interesting things besides the dictionary, such as Prince Bonaparte's letter accusing Pryce of plagiarism. As only a portion of the literature of the old Cornish language has come down to our time, the labour of making an English-Cornish Dictionary is not so great as a corresponding dictionary dealing with any of the other Celtic languages would be; and, as the author did not undertake to coin or compound new words, his task was confined to registering, under their English equivalents, the Cornish words which occur in the Cornish literature extant and in diverse vocabularies, together with what Cornish words still survive in the English dialect which has taken the place of the old language. Mr. Jago is proud of the extent of the Cornish vocabulary which he has thus been able to bring together; and he has, we think, a right to be proud of it. His words are to the following effect:

"It has been said that the husbandman expresses all his thoughts by using four or five hundred words, and Shakspeare used about 15,000 words. Thus it may be seen that the 'remains' of Celtic Cornish stand far beyond the vocabulary of the rustic, and rival in their amount the words of Shakspeare."

Mr. Jago has prefixed to the dictionary an account of these remains of Cornish literature. They consist principally of Mysteries or Miracle Plays based on biblical stories or the lives of Cornish and Breton saints, and their treatment of biblical and saintly characters is frequently very quaint. Mr. Jago's dictionary will be invaluable to all Welsh and Breton scholars who wish, without waste of time, to see at a glance what the Cornish word may have been which corresponds to any given word in those languages. This old Cornish Dialect of Bythonic speech stood just half-way between the languages of Gwent and Brittany.

WE have received, in the form of a doctor's dissertation, an able essay on Welsh grammar, by Max Nettlau, by whom it was offered recently to the Philosophical Faculty in Leipsic. It is the first part of a much larger work, as it only consists of an introduction and the phonology of the vowels. One of its special features is that the author has paid particular attention to the various dialects of Welsh. There is one drawback to his study of them, and that is that Dr. Nettlau has not yet been nearer Wales than the British Museum and the Bodleian Library; but the quantity of materials he has been able to accumulate from

books is very remarkable, considering the comparatively short time he has been working on Welsh, and how little help he could get, seeing that the Celtic scholars of Germany are mostly devoted to Irish and the other dialects of the Gaelic language. We hope this instalment of Dr. Nettlau's studies in Kymric grammar will soon be followed by the publication of the rest of his MS.

THE *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* for July 16 contains full reviews of Dr. Sandys' *Orator* (by Dr. Heerdegen) and Mr. Jevons' *Greek Literature* (by H. Müller). Both receive praise, the former particularly so.

### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.—(First Annual Meeting, Wednesday, July 6.)

THE EARL OF CARNARVON in the chair.—Mr. Macmillan read the report, of which the following are the most important passages:—At the last meeting, on October 19, 1886, it was announced that the school building was complete, and that a director had been found for the first year in the person of Mr. F. C. Penrose. It was further stated that an income of £400 a year had been provisionally secured for three years. Mr. Penrose went out to Athens early in November; and about the middle of December Mr. Ernest Gardner, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and now Craven University student, was admitted as the first student of the school. Two months later the Oxford Craven fellow, Mr. David G. Hogarth, of Magdalen College, was admitted. Later in the session two more students, Mr. O. J. Jasonides, of Athens, and Mr. Rupert Clarke, of Exeter College, Oxford, were added to the number. In accordance with the rules drawn up by the committee, Mr. Penrose, besides directing the work of the students, has delivered three public lectures on the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of Olympian Zeus, and will deliver three more in the course of October before he lays down his office. He has, moreover, at the expense of the Dilettanti Society, conducted excavations on the site of the Temple of Olympian Zeus at Athens, which have established the important fact that the temple was octastyle, not decastyle, as has hitherto been generally supposed. Before closing this brief record of the first year's work of the school mention must be made of the very cordial welcome given to the director and students of the British School both by native Greek archaeologists and by the members of the other foreign institutes. Special mention is due of the extreme friendliness of the relations between the British and American Schools. The American director and students did their utmost to smooth the way for their English colleagues, generously throwing open their excellent library. Representatives of the British School were present at the laying of the corner-stone of the American School building, which is now in course of erection on the adjoining site. The two properties have been surrounded by a single fence at the joint cost of the schools, and will, it is hoped, be to a certain extent enjoyed in common. It is obvious that for the work of a school at Athens one indispensable requirement is a good library of archaeological and classical books. The committee are happy to be able to state that a very good beginning has been made in this direction during the first year. In the first place, valuable gifts of books have been received from the delegates of the Oxford University Press, from the syndics of the Cambridge Press, and from many publishers. Mr. F. F. Tuckett, Mr. Barclay Head, and other private individuals have also made valuable gifts to the library, and it is hoped that their example may be widely followed. In the next place, the committee have expended a sum not far short of £250 upon the purchase of the books which it was considered most important for the school to possess. Turning to the financial position of the school, the managing committee regret to say that the appeals for aid made for last year after the meeting of subscribers in October did not produce very much results. The new donations amounted to no more than £115; new annual subscriptions

were promised to the amount of £70 15s. a year. Donations towards the establishment of a capital fund or annual subscriptions will be gladly received by the hon. treasurer, Mr. Walter Leaf, Old Change, E.C. Finances apart, the committee feel that there is every cause for satisfaction in the progress made by the school in this the first year of its existence; and the outlook for the future is no less promising. As Mr. Penrose's successor the committee have been fortunate in securing, for two years at any rate, the services of Mr. Ernest Gardner, who is a thoroughly trained archaeologist, and has had the great advantage of working under Mr. Penrose as a student during the past season, so that he will take up the work with full knowledge of what is required. It is proposed next session to provide board and lodgings at a moderate rate in the school building for a limited number of students. Information upon this point may be obtained from the hon. secretary, Mr. George Macmillan, 29, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C., to whom all applications for admission to the school should be addressed.—Mr. Penrose gave an account of his work during the past year. He had been able to visit and collect objects of art from Palermo, Oropus, Sicily, and other places, and in his labours the American and German archaeologists had afforded him much valuable help. He had, unfortunately, contracted a fever, but had been able to give lectures on the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and other subjects, and had been honoured by the presence of Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, and Mr. Watts, the artist. Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Clarke, and the other students had been doing good work, and had achieved valuable results.—Sir C. Newton, as a veteran, was not disappointed at the number of students, as the qualities of a real student were difficult to find in combination, and the gentlemen who were now students of the school had shown themselves to be possessed of those qualities. Great results were to be expected from their labours—such as those which the French archaeologists had already obtained in Delos. He desired specially to refer to the Greek journal *Εφημερίς Αρχαιολογική*, which was a model of what a paper devoted to such subjects should be, and ought to excite the emulation of English scholars.

### FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

*Notes on the National Gallery.* By Walter Armstrong. (Seeley.)

THESE papers, which originally appeared in the *Guardian*, would deserve notice if only for the rarity of publications which take any serious notice of our great national collection. With the exception of Dr. J. P. Richter's learned book on Italian art in the National Gallery, this small pamphlet is almost the only independent work in English which has of recent years been devoted to the National Gallery. Mr. W. Armstrong is beginning to be well known as one of the best equipped of the few serious students of art; and it is to be hoped that this rather slender contribution to the literature of the National Gallery is only an instalment of what he proposes to do in the same direction.

He begins with an interesting account of the growth of the institution, which includes a testimony to its value which is well deserved.

"In the total of its pictures the National Gallery is about half the size of the museums of Dresden, Madrid, and Paris, the three largest in the world, and considerably less than those of Berlin, Munich, and St. Petersburg. But in quality it is surpassed by none of its rivals."

This is a very important fact which redounds greatly to the credit of Sir Charles Eastlake,

Sir William Boxall, and Sir Frederick Burton. They have all been subject to criticism, they have bought what (in the opinion of others) they should not have bought, and have left unbought what they ought to have bought; but, on the whole, they have spent the public money well, and the gifts and bequests have been very extensive and valuable. These are facts which are not sufficiently recognised, and cannot be repeated too often.

The greater part of Mr. Armstrong's pamphlet is devoted to a description of pictures about which there is little dispute, and he shows throughout a grasp of art history and a catholic appreciation of the merits of various artists of various schools. There is little other cause for remark except in regard to a few points of connoisseurship. To record his opinions on these points appears to have been one of the motives for the publication. We agree with him in doubting whether "The Rape of Helen" (591) is by Benozzo Gozzoli. We think he takes it too much for granted that Piero della Francesca was a pupil of Uccelli, though there are strong points of resemblance in the work of the two masters; and also that the fine "Rhetoric" (755) and "Music" (750) are undoubtedly by Melozzo da Forlì; nor can we agree with him in giving to Catena the pretty Madonna and child in a landscape now ascribed in the catalogue to Basaiti, still less the "Death of Peter Martyr," generally accepted as a Bellini. Though there is some resemblance in the landscapes of these two pictures, the drawing of the trees and the foliage can scarcely be by the same hand. Mr. Armstrong here, as in other opinions, follows Dr. Richter. Mr. Armstrong's suggestion that the much-disputed "Madonna with Angels" and "Tobit and the Angel," ascribed to Antonio Pollaiuolo, are really by his brother Piero, is one which must have occurred to many—to Signor Morelli, for instance, who thinks they came out of Piero's workshop, but does not venture to say they are by his hand. Mr. Armstrong, we think, insists (with Dr. Richter) too much on what he calls the "childish mistakes in proportion" in the figure of the Virgin. Abnormal length of body was traditional in the seated figure of the Virgin. If it existed in the other figures the argument would be more forcible. The recent opening of the new galleries makes it possible to easily examine what we take to be Mr. Armstrong's most important suggestion—viz., that the little "Last Supper" (1127), bought at the Hamilton collection as a Masaccio and now assigned to the "North Italian School," is by Ercole Roberti. Mr. Armstrong is unusually, but not, we think, too, positive on this point, when he declares that "a glance is sufficient to convince one that its author was he that painted the 'Israelites gathering Manna.'" The latter is a small work recently added to the gallery from the collection of the late Earl of Dudley.

But Mr. Armstrong's intelligent survey of the pictures is not confined to the Italian schools. We think he is mistaken as to the pictures ascribed by Mr. W. M. Conway to Bouts. Mr. Conway ascribed the "Deposition" (664) to Bouts, but Mr. Armstrong gives it to Rogier van der Weyden the younger. He is also mistaken in saying that there are four pictures ascribed to this master

in the catalogue. That most interesting and beautiful picture by an unknown artist, "The Adoration of the Magi" (1079), is the subject of one of Mr. Armstrong's most interesting notes. To him is due the interesting discovery of the word "Ouwater" written low down in the left-hand corner. Other particulars might be noticed to establish the strong affinity between this picture and Gheeraert David's beautiful picture in the same room; but Mr. Armstrong has been the first, we think, to point out the likeness between the St. Joseph in the one and the beggar in the other. It would be pleasant to find that we have a real example of the great unknown Albert van Ouwater. Whether we agree or not with Mr. Armstrong, all his remarks show the care of the student and the eye of the critic; and we hope that he will himself carry out some of the schemes for investigation which he generously suggests to others. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

### THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE second of the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibitions of Water-colours and Works in Black and White is now being held in their galleries in Edinburgh. The display of current art has been supplemented by a few drawings representative of the water-colour art of the past. Among the works by English artists that are shown are three small, but typical and exquisite, subjects by Turner—his sunset view of "Shoreham"; his lovely little "Streetan," from the celebrated Farnley Hall collection; and his vignette of "Berwick-on-Tweed," executed for the illustration of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works; and among the examples of David Cox is a road-scene in Wales, a very simple and beautiful work in the painter's earlier manner. The water-colours by deceased Scottish artists include representative examples of Sam Bough, H. W. Williams, J. C. Wintour, E. T. Crawford, and J. Cassie; and there are some good drawings by the modern Dutchmen, among the rest B. J. Blommers' excellent rustic subject of "Gossips"; Albert Newhuys' freely handled and admirably lighted "At the Window"; and P. Sade's noble study of a peasant woman at her cottage door, "Working and Waiting"—a work full of refined and dignified form, and of restrained, but complete and satisfying, colour. Among living Scottish painters Sir William Fettes Douglas, is very fully represented by a selection from the delicate landscape work in water-colours which, during recent years, has exclusively occupied his brush. Mr. W. E. Lockhart, who has been honoured by Her Majesty's commission to paint the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in the Abbey, sends an imposing flower-piece and two life-sized portrait heads. Mr. Tom Scott contributes some of the most attractive work in the exhibition in his small Italian subjects, distinguished by their crisp and subtle draughtsmanship, and by their vivid rendering of sunlight and atmosphere; and from Mr. A. Melville we have two important and telling, if rather forced, subjects, representative of his work in landscape and in figure-painting.

### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE following are the arrangements for the annual meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute, to be held this year at Salisbury. On Tuesday, August 2, after the inaugural meeting, at which Gen. Pitt-Rivers will deliver the



presidential address, the members will inspect the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and St. Nicholas' hospital; and in the evening the Bishop of Salisbury will open the antiquarian section. On Wednesday, August 3, Old Sarum, Amesbury, Vespasian's Camp, and Stonehenge will be visited; and in the evening the Dean of Salisbury will open the historical section. On Thursday, August 4, the annual business meeting will be held, after which Precentor Venables will open the architectural section; and in the afternoon Britford and Downton will be visited. On Friday, August 5, the members will go by rail to Bradford-on-Avon, and afterwards drive to South Wraxall and Great Chalfield. On Saturday, August 6, Wardour Castle, Tisbury, and Wilton House will be visited. On Monday, August 8, Longleat, Warminster, and Heytesbury. On Tuesday, August 9, the Romano-British village at Rushmore will be inspected, under the direction of Gen. Pitt-Rivers. After the close of the meeting, some of the members will cross over into Brittany with the object of examining the megalithic remains.

MESSEURS. T. & A. CONSTABLE have in preparation an illustrated catalogue of the very remarkable collection of examples of modern French and Dutch art, which was brought together by Mr. Hamilton Bruce last year in the Edinburgh International Exhibition. The letterpress, consisting of a description of each picture and critical and biographical notices of the various painters, is to be from the accomplished pen of Mr. W. E. Henley; and the illustrations will consist, in addition to numerous reproductions of pen *croquis*, of a series of etchings by Mr. W. Hole, and Mr. A. Zilleken. Judging from a series of proofs by the former etcher, transcripts from Corot, Matthew Maris, Monticelli, and others, now included in the Royal Scottish Academy exhibition of water-colours and works in black and white, these illustrations will be of very unusual excellence in the spirit of their handling, and the fidelity with which they reproduce the feeling of their originals.

MR. McLEAN has now on view, at his gallery in the Haymarket, a large picture by Mr. C. Kay Robertson, called "Leading Conservatives, 1887."

At a recent meeting of the French Académie des Inscriptions, M. Bertrand read a report upon the Gallic cemetery recently discovered at St. Maur-les-Fossés, near Paris, by M. Ernest Macé, who has presented most of the objects to the Museum of National Antiquities. They are identical with those found hitherto in that part of Gaul which Caesar allotted to the Belgians. The tombs are dug to the depth of about 3 ft. 6 in.; they vary in length from 6 to 7 feet, and in width from 2½ ft. to 3 ft. Most had been walled round to a height of from 12 to 14 inches to keep back the sand at the sides, and the body is placed immediately upon the sand and covered with a row of large flat stones. In every case the bodies are laid with the face upwards, the sword in the right hand, fastened by a jointed iron belt near the head. On the right hand side is the point of a lance, the handle of which is placed between the legs, having probably been broken as a token of mourning. Among the other objects discovered is a sword in good preservation, with the chain still attached to it. This sword is 32 inches long, the sheath being of iron, while the hilt and the guard are ornamented with three heavy nails representing a sort of shamrock.

PROF. GEORGE STEPHEN writes from Copenhagen of an important "find" lately made near Bergen, in Norway. A bone stylus with a Runic inscription was discovered, together with a little book in red Latin letters, evidently written with the stylus. The date seems to be twelfth century.

## THE STAGE.

"DEVIL CARESFOOT."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD—from whose first story of *Dawn* Messrs. Stanley Little and Haddon Chambers drew the play which, as excellent efforts of the dramatists' art, we applauded at the Vaudeville on Tuesday week—is, as everybody knows, the sensational novelist of the moment, holding to-day the crown and sceptre which were Hugh Conway's three or four years ago, and destined, perhaps before the fulness of time, to pass them on to another. For the public will not be as faithful to Mr. Rider Haggard as, doubtless, Mr. Andrew Lang will be. The public will take up with a new favourite—some humourist, perhaps, freshly declaring himself, or some realist who shall study London—or it may be even it will remember, with more than its present enthusiasm, accepted men of genius in letters, like Stevenson and Hardy. Anyway it can hardly be expected to be entirely faithful to the author of *She*. *She* excites something of that wonder and curiosity which the hero of "Fifine at the Fair" by no means begrudged to

"Doré's last picture-book."

But, with a fire in the house—that hero went on to observe—Doré's last picture-book would very probably get chucked to the wall. The rush would be to save the Raphael. And so with those who, whether in fiction, verse, or essay, have won popularity a little cheaply. The moment is for them. What lasts, of course, is literature—the writing you can return to and dwell upon.

But the writing you can return to and dwell upon is not needed as the groundwork of a successful play. What you want nowadays for that is a powerful story. *Dawn*, in its own fashion, is quite a powerful story. Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Stanley Little have treated it excellently. Their dialogue has crispness, directness, smartness, style in it. And doubtless the characters—where life and individuality were lacking to them—have gained by coming on the stage; gained as second-rate or as impossible characters do sometimes gain on the boards, by the mere fact that henceforth we can associate each one of them with some definite personality. Devil Caresfoot, for instance—that must henceforth be Mr. Charles Charrington, looking as ugly and vicious as his art can make him. When Mr. Charles Charrington acts him it is possible to believe in him. The performance impresses you by its grim power; but the conception of the character—a scoundrel so absolute, so unreasoning, so superfluously mischievous—we do not, looking at it calmly, find that very full of the subtlety which is genius. Devil Caresfoot has the qualities which help the novelist to carry on the reader to number the next. Such a character is a convenience; but, when we have done with number the next, he is not a permanent possession.

How much of the impressiveness of the piece as it goes is owing to the dramatists and to the actors—who yet were far from being equal in excellence—is shown by the fact that the very strongest scene in the play is the love-scene with which the first act ends, the love-scene brought about by the compelled departure of Arthur Beaumont from

Angela. This is the strongest love-scene we have seen on the stage since Miss Alma Murray's in "In a Balcony." It is written with vigour and unconventionality. It soars above the spoony. It has what, in love affairs, we must venture to describe as the interest and virtue of passionateness. And, really, it was acted remarkably well by Mr. Fuller Mellish and Miss Achurch. Preceded to some extent by that which had not been very moving, and followed, if not in the next act, yet certainly in the third, by some commonish and familiar effects of melodrama, it had the character of a page torn, for once, from *la vie vécue*. It had the air, at all events, of a *chose vue*. Yet here, perhaps, Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. Haddon Chambers, watching it carefully from their private box, may have recognised what seemed to us a mistake. The curtain should have fallen on the actual parting, and Miss Achurch—who had comforted herself admirably to that point—should not have been left with any words whatever to say after it. The risk of anticlimax may here surely have been perceived.

The stolen document business of the third act plunges us into full melodrama. Here it is question of compromising love letters, penned by Lady Bellamy, ages ago, to Devil Caresfoot, who is now about to marry Angela against her will, and who has employed Lady Bellamy, as his agent to win Angela, under threat of exposure, should she decline to assist him. A little wicked mean old man—Sir John Bellamy—has been on the track all the while. He possesses himself of the letters just when Lady Bellamy is of opinion that her services to the blackguard have at last ransomed them. And there comes to be a fight between the great blackguard and the little rascal, the blackguard acted still powerfully by Mr. Charrington, and the rascal somewhat too obviously rascal and monkey besides, through Mr. Dodsworth's abuse, I cannot help thinking, of his distinct faculty, which I have elsewhere recognised, for "making-up" and "character-acting." Now the "character-acting" of Mr. Eric Lewis, as one Lord Minster, is, on the present occasion, seen to much greater advantage. In the fourth act—to do the dramatists justice—and especially as that act proceeds, the interest is regained which had been a little lost. There is a scene necessarily unpleasant, but I will not say untrue, between Devil Caresfoot and Angela, recalling a little in its action a scene in M. Sardou's "Nos Intimes." Lastly, the young lover—Arthur Beaumont, who had been banished—comes back, and Devil Caresfoot, married for a day, dies of heart disease increased by excitement.

Thus are the innocent delivered, and the play closes in happiness. If the characters are not in themselves original, they conduct the intrigue, upon the whole, with skill. I suppose it would have been perfectly impossible to have dramatised the piece better. The dialogue, it has been said already, is such as one can listen to with satisfaction; and the play holds the attention of the audience. It will certainly be seen again. And when it is in the "evening bill," it will successfully invite the attendance of the large public.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## STAGE NOTES.

MR. IRVING'S farewell performance, last Saturday night, was one of the finest he has given. Never, certainly, has his Shylock been more intense, more vivid, or fuller of significant detail. It is now some few years since we last saw it. Are we right in thinking that the actor has to some extent modified his conception of the character, laying stress again where stress was wont to be laid by his great predecessors in the part, from Macklin downwards? At first, if we remember rightly, Mr. Irving was wont to sacrifice something to rouse our sympathies for the sufferings of the Jew and for his character; but now, all that is mean in Shylock and all that is savage—the "lodged hate, and a certain loathing"—are brought into a prominence which we seem to remember they were once without. The performance is one of extraordinary power and completeness, and is not open in the slightest degree to the charge that it succeeds in investing the Jew with undue dignity; indeed, Mr. Irving's Shylock is, in many passages, as unattractive and unwholesome an elderly gentleman as one could easily meet. What are called the "mannerisms" of Mr. Irving are distinguished but slightly in this part, while one of the true characteristics of his acting—variety, delicacy, and force, in facial expression—is peculiarly manifest. Miss Terry's Portia gains, if anything, in earnestness, and has never needed to gain in grace. In the casket scene, on Saturday night, she was the very image of picturesque anxiety; in the trial scene she was of noble carriage and of expressive speech. Indeed, in this trial scene, there were some curiously admirable illustrative gestures to prepare the way for the remark that was coming. It was with real art that the actress made the famous and always difficult address about the "quality of mercy" seem to flow directly from a question of Shylock's, and to succeed almost inevitably the gesture which was her first answer to that question. One reason why Miss Terry's Portia—especially in its most celebrated scene—is among the finest things that she can do, is because it makes no call upon her for the absolute passion which she cannot display. Two deficiencies it seems, nevertheless, bound to have, though in presence of its qualities of graciousness and justice it is not difficult to forgive them. Miss Terry continues to show but little feeling for the rhythm of blank verse; and, in the matter of sense, as well as of sound, her emphasis is sometimes wrong. On Saturday night for example, instead of

"Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?" we had

"Which is the merchant *here*, and which the Jew?"

"THE performance of the "Merchant of Venice" over, Mr. Irving came before the curtain and said some interesting things to the audience. First as to his plans for the autumn and winter. He goes to Edinburgh and Glasgow, to Manchester and Liverpool, from about the middle of August to the second week in October. Then, after a three weeks' interval, he opens in New York; plays likewise at Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston, and ends his third American tour with a second visit to New York. Then as to his plans for England. He opens at the Lyceum in April—it will be tenanted till then by Miss Mary Anderson; and, though we did not gather certainly whether "Faust" would once more appear on the bill on Mr. Irving's return, there is no doubt of the intention to give another chance to "Werner," and to place Mr. Calmoun's "Amber Heart" in the repertory, because of the admirable and even extraordinary use which Miss Terry has already shown she can make of what we confess we should have thought its somewhat scanty opportunities.

"THEODORA" is the only new piece—or piece new to England—in which M<sup>de</sup>. Sarah Bernhardt appears during the brief engagement which began last Monday. And "Theodora" is an immense and repulsive melodrama—Sardou quite at his worst. But M. Sardou is a very clever tailor of parts for M<sup>de</sup>. Sarah Bernhardt. He cuts and he fits to a T. He produces precisely that garment of words which permits the best of sensational effect. And the sensational effect is obtained to perfection, no doubt, by an actress whose powers time seems only to have matured. M<sup>de</sup>. Sarah Bernhardt can now hardly say that she is "not a show"—the public, at all events, take her for one—but she is at all events an artist into the bargain.

## MUSIC.

## RECENT CONCERTS.

THE season now coming to an end has been an unusually busy one, and it has been impossible for us to notice all the concerts as they deserved. Every week we have received the programme of the students' concerts at the Royal College of Music, but some engagement or other has prevented us from going. On Thursday week, however, we were able to attend the last concert of the summer term, and record with pleasure that the college orchestra greatly distinguished itself. Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" was performed with immense spirit. The tone of the strings was excellent, and light and shade were carefully observed. The audience tried hard to have the piece encored. Formerly it used to be marked on the programme that encores were not allowed, and yet they were accepted. Now the notice is withdrawn; but Sir George Grove has evidently determined to abolish them. The players had a more difficult task in the performance of Goetz's fine symphony in F; but here again they passed through the ordeal successfully. Dr. Stanford, the conductor, has laboured with good results, and these cannot have been obtained without much patient work. The programme included Mozart's Concerto for Pianoforte in D minor (with cadences by Mr. J. F. Barnett), played by the accomplished student, Mr. Barton; Bennett's "Parisina" overture, and some vocal music. The concerts will be resumed in October.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music also gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening. The singing of the choir in Brahms' "Song of Fate" was very good. The soft introductory movement was rendered with smoothness and delicacy, and the more agitated section with its difficult intervals and rhythm came out most effectively. The last time we heard the choir was in Beethoven's Mass in C, and then we were not able to speak in such favourable terms. There has therefore been great improvement, for which thanks are doubtless due to Mr. Barnby, the conductor. While praising the choir we must not forget to note that the orchestral accompaniments were effectively rendered. A symphony in E minor, by a student, Mr. J. E. German, is a work of considerable merit. The opening Allegro Spiritoso answers well to its name. It is Mendelssohnian in character, and shows a good knowledge of form and orchestration. The Andante pleased us less, but the Menuetto is exceedingly graceful. The Finale is bright. Mr. German knows well how to express his thoughts, and we shall probably hear of him again. The programme included an Allegro Moderato from Mr. Prout's organ concerto, neatly rendered by Mr. H. J. Wood; and the Intermezzo and Finale from Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, interpreted by Mr. G. W. F. Crowther in an intelligent manner. Miss Norman was very successful in "Una voce."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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